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The Bystander, November 27, 1929

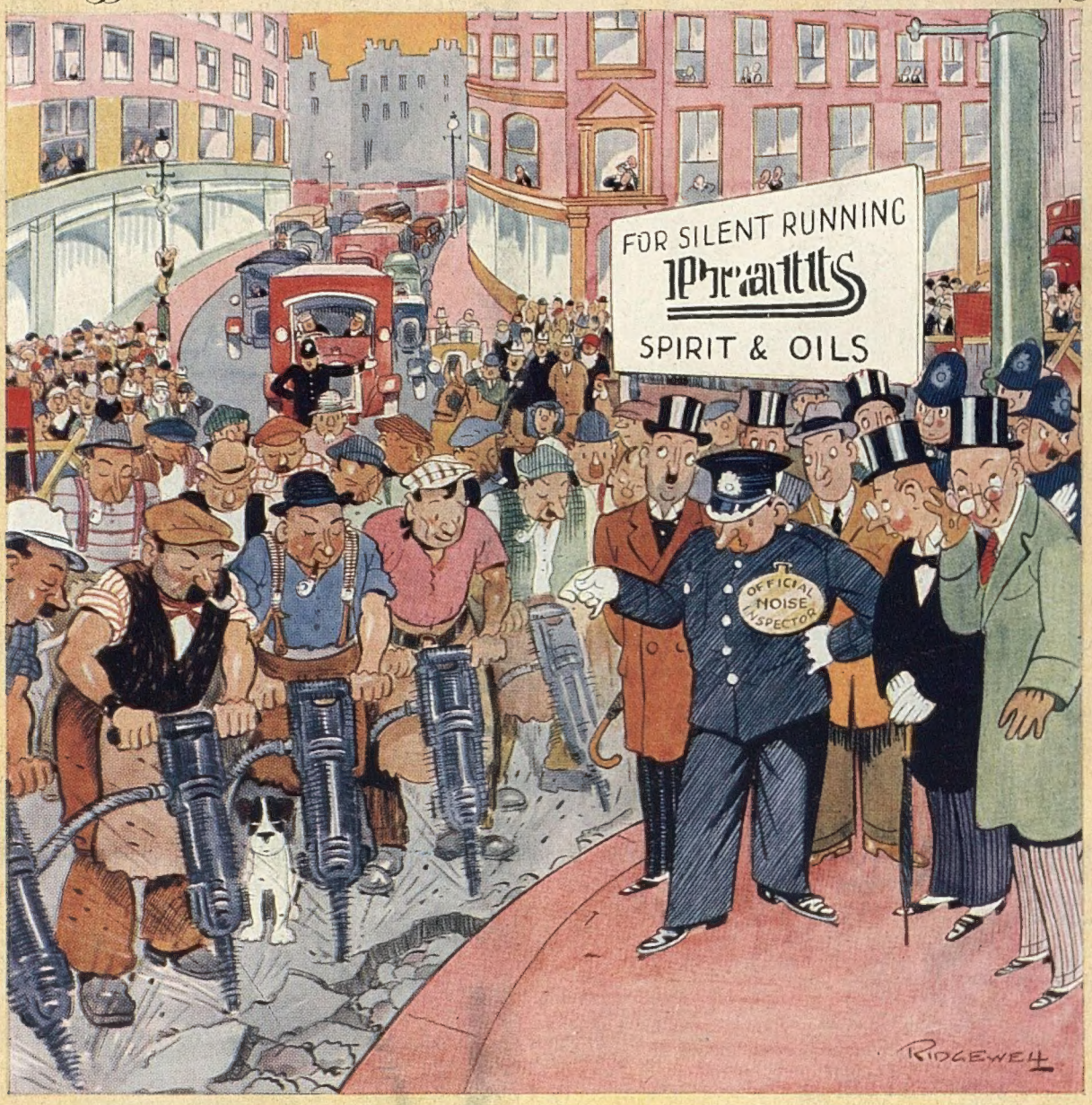
the BYSTANDER

No. 1354. Vol. CIV

SPANISH TREASURE!

BY BROADFOOT CARTER

Unofficial Trials :- *1. Anti-Knock*



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AROUND THE BASQUE COUNTRY

BY HELEN McKIE

The Pyrenees hold an irresistible attraction for those who seek sunshine and gaiety in really beautiful surroundings. The Basque country is a land steeped in old traditions, and whilst the visitor will find the most modern de luxe hotels and other buildings, such as that famous cosmopolitan haunt, the Bar Basque pictured above, at his disposal, he will also find that the people of this delightful land have lost none of their age-old customs

The Passing Hour

MELTON MOWBRAY has been rather slow in getting into its stride this season, for the late summer weather and early autumn frosts combined to keep the ground so hard that several of the packs in the vicinity have only just begun to hunt. However, they are well under way now, and Craven Lodge once again bristles with pink coats, pink cocktails and gossip, faintly tinged, no doubt, with that hue. The Cottesmore, with which Miss Marjorie Leigh took a fall last week, is being hunted for the eighth season in succession by Mr. James Baird, who succeeds in managing his followers with a discipline that his naturally jovial disposition always saves from being irksome. If only as much could be said of other Masters! Mrs. Dudley Coats hunts with the Cottesmore; she had a spill during the Christmas holiday season early this year. Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, who was recently appointed assistant private secretary to the Prince of Wales, will be hunting from Craven Lodge this winter. He is an experienced horseman, and when younger he was a first-class amateur jockey and a good polo player.

Lenare

Miss May Stringer, daughter of the late Mr. C E. W. Stringer, Consul-General, Mexico, and of Mrs. Stringer. Her engagement to Captain J. F. C. Graham, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. W A. Graham, was announced recently

Lenare

Miss Margaret Esther Baldwin, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Baldwin, who was recently married to Mr. E. R. H. Hill, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hill

Chasing the Fox in the Pyrenees

HUNTING has started off in France as well—I mean at Pau. This pack, which is hunted by an American, Mr. Frederick H. Prince, runs around the foothills and the beautiful country intervening between Pau and the Pyrenees. Its members must surely be the most cosmopolitan that ever chased a fox, English, Americans, Spanish, French, Italians, South Americans; and even if they do let the fox out of a bag (and rumour maliciously says that hounds and foxes are kennelled together and become inseparable companions), they manage to provide fast and exciting runs with here and there the chance of some steeplechase "bursts." The Prince of Wales hunted with them when he stayed at Biarritz, and they have missed his presence considerably these last three years. Among those who will be hunting this season are the beautiful Mrs. Cecil Fane, Prince Guadalmina, Prince Stordza, renowned for his boar hunt in Roumania, the Comte de Pracomtal, one of the stewards of the French Jockey Club, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Burn, Mr. Harry Lamontine, and Mr. Tommy Wright, of, I believe, Boston, but more often Paris, France and Pau.

Harrington

Miss Sofia Buchanan, daughter of Mr. George Buchanan, of the Chilean Legation, who is engaged to Mr. Brian Grayson, the publisher son of Sir Henry Grayson, Bt.

Lenare

Miss Esmé Jean Crocker, the daughter of Brigadier-General Sydney Crocker, C.B. She is to marry Mr Gordon Petch, M.C., at Rangoon Cathedral on December 4

Lenare

Miss Eileen Bennett, the famous lawn tennis star, and her husband, Mr. Edmund Fearnley-Whittingstall, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The bridegroom, who is a clever portrait-painter, is the brother of Mr. W. Fearnley-Whittingstall, the rising young barrister who represented Philip Yale Drew

The Great Italian Exhibition

ART critics and those who will be fortunate enough to be invited to the private view of the great exhibition of Italian art at Burlington House will not be able to enjoy any prolonged Christmas holiday. Saturday, December 28, is the Press Day, Monday, the Private View, and on Wednesday, January 1, the exhibition opens to the public, when, I imagine, the subsequent daily queues around the pictures will be even greater than those that collected about the Dutch Masterpieces last winter. How the eyes of the art dealers will gaze enviously at these historic paintings that the majority have never seen outside books of reproductions and coloured prints. It is still not known what pictures are definitely coming, but the Italian Government, in collaboration with the Brera Gallery, Milan, have exerted themselves to send such works by Raphael, Botticelli, Giorgione, Mantegna, let us hope it will mean his beautiful painting of St. George in the Academia at Venice, the Bellinis, and Carlo Crivelli as can safely be transported. The King and many English and American owners are also lending works for the exhibition, which should be one of the most historic collections of masterpieces ever seen in the country.

Sport and General

Miss Doris Thomas, the younger daughter of Mr. J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, who was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Eileen Bennett The bridesmaids wore dresses of scarlet ring velvet, a coronet of diamanté and scarlet shoes

Republican Chinese Tea

WITH the arrival of M. Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, who presented his credentials as Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of China—that word "Republic" strikes the ears strangely after an æon of almighty dynasties—together with Mme. Sze, the Chinese Legation will have its first hostess since the departure of the beautiful Mrs. Wellington Koo. Dr. Sze is sufficient admirer of this country to have had two sons educated over here, and

FAMOUS JEWELS AND THEIR WEARERS

Topical Press

Miss Hall, of Great Rollright Manor, at a meet of the Heythrop at Swerford Park Gates, near Chipping Norton Miss Hall, who is a regular follower of the Heythrop, is seen renewing acquaintance of two hounds she walked as puppies

besides this, he is no stranger to London, as he was here before being Minister in Washington. The Legation is being redecorated, but some weeks are likely to elapse before the Minister and Mme. Sze will be able to entertain there, which is usually the chance—for those who like it—of drinking really exquisite China tea.

The Plume of Diamonds

THERE were some famous jewels to be seen in London last week, including the Porter-Rhodes diamond, which equals if not surpasses the size and brilliance of that worn by the much married young American lady, Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce. There was also to be seen the famous Napoleon emerald, which the Emperor gave to the Empress Josephine, but none, I thought, was quite as spectacular as Nelson's Chelengk, or diamond plume of triumph, which Lady Barclay, the widow of one of our former Ambassadors in Lisbon, Sir Colville Barclay, will buy and present to the nation, the

L.N.A.

The Duke of Gloucester at a meet of the Quorn held at Wymeswold. He is seen chatting with Miss Monica Sheriffe and Lady Kathleen Rolls

PARTIES MYSTERIOUS AND MIRTHFUL

Topical Press

The Staintondale Foxhounds recently held a special Cliff Day meet, which attracted many followers. Above, hounds are seen being helped down the side of a cliff during the run, and below is seen Capt. J. R. Renwick (on grey horse) leading the field

nation being willing, which I have no doubt it will be. In case you have forgotten, the Chelengk is a Mohammedan order and was given to Lord Nelson after the Battle of the Nile by the Sultan of Turkey. It would make the most magnificent aigrette for a woman's hair, save that aigrettes are never worn now except it be during the opera season, when even then its wearer looks rather furtively self-conscious of such Victorian adornment.

A Night of Mystery

ONE night last week I had been playing bridge with some friends in Bryanston Square when on going home just before midnight one of them said, "Oh, I've just remembered. I have a committee meeting."

"At this time of night?"

"Follow me," he said, and forthwith we took a taxi to a street in Marylebone, when he suddenly handed me a mask and put one on himself.

"Everything I say you must say," he commanded, and it was perhaps fortunate that he is a man of mild temperament and gentle language.

We passed down a dark and eerie passage, and, together with several other masked faces, every time we came to a door he spoke some curious word which I mumbled after him. After the fifth door I knew I was in for a night club or a charity ball committee meeting. It was the latter, and I bow to the ingenuity of the originators. Beneath their masks, the flash of arc lamps—the scene was laid in a film studio—I think I recognised one or two of the youthful committee, such as Miss Rosemary Schweder, Miss Daphne du Maurier and Miss Betty Seligman, but I will not swear to it. If with the connivance of "Sapper," Sir Gerald du Maurier and Jasper Maskelyne they put as much realism into their Mystery Ball on December 4 it ought to be an entertaining evening.

Another "Wild West Party"

MYSTERIES and surprises seem to be the popular expedients of charity balls at the moment, for Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale (often remembered as Miss Barbara Cartland) whispered to me the other day of her "Surprise Christmas Pageant" at the Santa Claus Ball at the Kit-Cat Restaurant on December 18. This is to consist of the sight of various well-known people dressed up to look like the menu of a Christmas dinner, Mrs. McCorquodale leading off as champagne—costume by Bollinger, no doubt—Lady Patricia Douglas as a mince pie, Mrs. de Winton Wills as the plum pudding, whilst Lady Castlerosse, Lady Ashley and the Hon. Dorothy Dalrymple assume other characteristic dishes of the Christmas table, with Lady Diana Duff Cooper as the presiding spirit of the occasion. I am temporarily reserving my energies for a repetition of the "Wild West Party" that took place early this year. Lord Donegall and a number of other hosts are repeating the event this very Friday night, when I am instructed to appear as an "inmate of Pentonville."

Topical Press

Princess Mary out with the Bramham Moor at a meet held at Gateforth. The Earl of Harewood has hunted this pack since 1922

THE GERMANS AND PEACEFUL PENETRATION

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball

I HAVE also received news of the annual Chelsea Arts Club Ball, that one festive occasion which not even the ponderous interior of the Albert Hall has ever succeeded in robbing of its spontaneous enjoyment.

This is about the only time when London makes up its mind to throw off the accumulated dust of a year's decorum and jump into the revelry with a blithe abandon. The ball is to take place on December 31, an appropriate date to discard the disappointments of 1929 and plunge into the New Year.

The theme of the decorations and dresses will be "Noah's Ark," which should provide scope for the design of those fantastic animals and other curious objects that are fashioned by the students at the various art schools and paraded round the floor of the Albert Hall, where on New Year's Eve we shall be 'making Whoopee,' as the Americans say.

Donovan

Lady Ossulston, who is among the many well-known Society people who are helping in the organisation of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball to be held to-morrow, November 28, at Grosvenor House. It is in aid of the Women's and Babies' Annexe of the Royal Free Hospital

Raphael

The Hon. Joan Ogilvie-Grant, who is arranging the Highland Reels, which will be a feature of this year's Stage Guild Ball. It will be held at Covent Garden to-morrow, November 28, which is St. Andrew's Eve

Hay Wrightson

Lady Plunket, who will dance during the Cabaret, which is one of the features of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball, to be held at Grosvenor House to-morrow, November 28

Tanganyika the Temptress

NOT everywhere is the spirit of peace, or what I prefer to call war apathy, abroad, such as the florid speeches which emanate from the Councils of the League of Nations might persuade us to believe. I have just received a letter from a reader in Tanganyika, East Africa, who, having read our contributor Kim's article, "The Mystery Hand at the Hague," has been moved to write of the Germans' return to what was once their colony. "We see and hear Germans day in and day out, and there is no question that they still consider themselves unbeatable, and they are determined to get Tanganyika away from British rule. This is a country of vast possibilities, rich in minerals, simply splendid for agriculture, a highly desirable territory, and our exports, undeveloped as we are, are greater than our imports. Italy and France want us; we seem to be a Helen of Troy among countries, and the intrigues and secret plans for getting possession of us are as intricately woven as a spider's web. A steady stream of Germans trickles in, of a type detrimental to a new country. The better-class Germans frankly say they would not have been allowed to enter under German rule." Alas! We only seem to treasure our possessions when we have lost them.

Planet News

Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark, who arrived in London on a visit to this country last week, photographed on his arrival at a London terminus. He is seen with Colonel Galloway who was among those who welcomed him

Mr. Baldwin on the Mat

THE National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations (Gee! what a mouthful!) have at last brought Mr. Baldwin to toe the line. At the mass meeting at the Albert Hall last Thursday the Opposition Leader shook off some of his apathy, praised Lord Beaverbrook (in somewhat lukewarm terms) for his great

THE TORIES PUT THEIR HOUSE IN ORDER

efforts to bring Empire Free Trade to the fore in practical politics, and at last remembered again that the Empire does exist and can only continue if it is made all-embracing.

Earlier in the day the Central Office got some salutary kicks administered by stalwarts like Col. Grant Morden, M.P., Mr. J. R. Remer, M.P., Sir Henry Page Croft, M.P., and Mr. P. E. Springman, the latter moving an amendment on Safeguarding (which he was later induced to withdraw upon terms), that the leaders should refrain from giving any further pledges which would tie the hands of the Party, and which, let me add, have so angered the rank and file. Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, a conscientious official but unblessed with any bigness of outlook, now realises that Parliament Chambers are rightly suspect. The truest thing said was by a trade unionist, Mr. James Gardner, who told the 4,000 delegates flatly that if the Tories would not come out with a bold policy of Empire Preference the Socialists might do so. Finally resolved: that Lord Beaverbrook may be congratulated on having battered down the supine complacency of Tory-Socialism.

Photopress

Some of the organisers of the forthcoming Mystery Ball acquiring the correct atmosphere of eeriness during a midnight meeting held to discuss plans for the event. They forgathered in an empty house off Baker Street at midnight

A Brilliant New Series

IN future issues will appear a series of coloured drawings entitled "George Whitelaw's Who's Zoo," which will show, in a vein of humorous satire, that certain celebrities have counterparts Regent's Park way.

George Whitelaw studied under Maurice Grieffenhagen, R.A., at the Glasgow School of Art, and was brought to London in 1915 by the present Editor of THE BYSTANDER. He doubles the rôle of humorous and serious artist, and has lately devoted much of his time to etching. His portrait of the last of the Bohemians —Old Odell—is a fine piece of work, full of character but not of caricature.

"GUG! GUG!" Photopress

The domestic touch which seems to be so essential a part of the professional boxer's make-up and which caused that irrepressible humorist, Maurice Lane-Norcott, to write an open letter to Big Fight promoters mentioning all the children and animals he has patted, is emphasised by this photo of Young Stribling at breakfast with his infant son. Even the encouraging "gugs gugs" of that infant did not save him losing on a foul in the fourth round of his fight with Carnera

Raphael

Mrs. Eric Bayley, who is a cousin of Ronald Colman, the film star, is Secretary of the Marylebone Children's Fund, and will be in charge of the programme sellers at the Mystery Ball. It is to be held at the Royal Horticultural Hall on December 4

AT THE PLAY

EXPENSIVE MUSICAL COMEDY AND

Robert Nainby, an old musical comedy favourite, adopts a coiffure with a permanent wave

"Dear Love," at the Palace Theatre

WE have learnt, on the authority of Rudyard Kipling, that there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays. Although sixty-nine may be an exaggeration, yet there are also very many ways of constructing a musical comedy.

There is, for instance, the spectacular-romantic (*The Desert Song* and *Rose Marie*), the almost highbrow (*Bitter Sweet*), and the frankly humorous (*Love Lies*). Sometimes it is the music which is the big noise (*The Student Prince*); sometimes, indeed often, the music is of no account whatever, and sometimes we see a musical comedy (American variety) which possesses precious little music and even less comedy!

THERE are also many subdivisions, such as musical comedies with or without plot; musical comedies starting with a plot which gets lost before the end, and so on. Were I asked to classify *Dear Love* at the Palace Theatre I should feel inclined to call it a musical comedy medley, for seldom have I seen one in which so many well-tried ingredients have found a place.

THE plot is of the romantic order and about as divorced from actuality as any plot could be. Where, outside a lunatic asylum, could be found anyone making a will which stipulates that a young woman must marry a foreigner of title by a certain date or lose a legacy of a quarter of a million? Is the foreigner to be found? Certainly! A painter count agrees to go through the ceremony and part from his bride directly afterwards.

PREVIOUS to the marriage the pair meet and fall in love at first sight. Why, then, must elaborate subterfuges take place to make the bridegroom think he has married another? What is there to keep them apart?

The answer is the authors, Messrs. Titheradge, Wylie, and Clayton, who would be absolutely gravelled for a second act without some complication of this sort! But it is unkind to analyse a musical comedy story, which is merely a sort of casserole dish from which appetising ingredients can be served. And the ingredients at the Palace Theatre are sufficiently appetising to make musical comedy fans ask for a second helping.

"DEAR

Tom Burke as the hero marries the that they are so prodigal with

Sydney Howard and Vera Pearce showing in terpsichorean mode how each wants the one to love the other. The hit of the piece

ANNIE CROFT, for instance, makes an ideal heroine. She is vivacious without being arch, and, in addition to possessing a pleasant personality, can both act and sing. As a contrast to this heroine there is Ena Grossmith, who makes herself into a sort of ugly sister with a fully developed sense of humour. Her partner is Claude Hulbert, who appears destined to play silly ass parts till the crack of doom, and whose descriptive dancing is as clever as ever.

THE principal comedian is Sydney Howard, who a short time ago was regarded

CHEAP FARCE — By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Dear Love," at the Palace Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

LOVE," AT THE PALACE THEATRE

heroine, Annie Croft, who thus secures a legacy of £250,000. No wonder, therefore, their notes! Time, depicted centre, does not appear, though they stick to it

only as a sort of foil to another comedian. Now he has "arrived," and his studies in the semi-lugubrious and semi-sozzled prove him to require no assistance as a maker of merriment. As for Tom Burke, he brings to the part of the hero a simplicity which is appealing and far removed from the grand opera to which he is accustomed. Needless to add that he sings beautifully, but to listen to him singing the light music of *Dear Love* irresistibly conjures up the vision of Lord Balfour immersed in the philosophy of Wilhelmina Stitch!

"Third Time Lucky," at the Ambassadors

I THINK I can guess what was in Arnold Ridley's mind when he set out to write *Third Time Lucky*, a farce produced at the Ambassadors Theatre last week. What he wanted to do was to depict an innocent country parson, suddenly finding himself a knight-errant, pitting his wits against those of a gang of crooks blackmailing his young and wealthy ward—whom he loves in the strong, silent fashion suitable to his cloth—who possess apparently compromising letters written by her—letters which are successfully stolen from the gang.

HERE, thought the author, is innocence contrasted with cunning, and innocence coming in an easy first—a theme always possessing a popular appeal. Here is a chance of an exciting second act, with burglar alarms, revolvers, safes to be cracked, and all the paraphernalia of crook drama, while finally there can be a fine mix-up when the crooks appear at the quiet Devonshire rectory.

AND I am not sure that an amusing play could not be written on these lines if—and here is the snag which the author has failed to avoid—an air of verisimilitude can be given to a bald, unpretentious narrative. But Arnold Ridley has completely missed the verisimilitude. Even though Hugh E. Wright is clever enough to impart touches of character of his own to the hero parson—a rather wonderful feat—never for one moment can one believe that such a character exists. His stupidity is *too* exaggerated. Even his knowledge of the English language is such that he talks about playing raspberry when gooseberry is the word to be employed. His heroine is colourless and his rustics too highly coloured, while his crooks behave so idiotically that no super-detective at Scotland Yard need be put on their track to secure a conviction.

THUS the whole effect aimed at in this play fails completely. To make his theme plausible the author must show a real parson behaving like a human being up against bold, bad men, who should also carry conviction—but not in the legal sense. Finally, the love story which is dragged in would only be accepted by the editor of a novelette library when in a state of dementia—or inebriation. Frank Bertram was a funny burglar, but the acting in certain cases was really bad. V. W.

Claude Hulbert dances his way through the piece while washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, and Ena Grossmith once again sacrifices herself to the grotesque

PARIS GOSSIP

QUOTATIONS, CABINETS and CARS

By Sylvia Lyon

Sketches by KIPPA

"Spending the money their husbands are losing"

SOMEBODY or other, probably Santa Claus, has offered a present or bribe, depending the way you look upon it, to the person who will wangle the sale of the French telephone system to the International Telephone Company. I should suggest to the Nobel Commission that, en plus, the year this occurs also to award a combined prize for peace, chemistry, physics and whatever else they have to offer.

ONE thing more is needed, whether the Government likes it or not, and that is the introduction of American stock-tickers into France. One can, of course, watch the feverish rise and fall, mostly fall, of American shares on the boards of brokers having branch houses in Paris, or at the French agents de change, but it was Poincaré who put his foot down, and his successors who have followed in his footsteps, in forbidding direct quotations from New York. They want to discourage speculation, yet the fever has been infectious. It has filtered even farther than Paris, for away off in Roumania, Alfred Savoir, the moment he arrived at Mogosoëa, called out through my door, "Bon jour. How is the market? I think I am ruined. When it started to tumble I thought, what will happen to Sylvia Lyon?"

"Don't worry about me, darling," I called back; "I am not rich enough to lose money. Anyhow, it serves you right for associating with Americans. You will learn some day to keep away from them when they come over in the summer, and not to listen to their damned financial talk."

BUT, thinking it over, what a moral blessing it would be to American wives in general if American shares would be hourly quoted in the hotels, bars and clubs in Paris. Then, at least, the wives would know where their husbands are while they are out spending the money their husbands are losing. And when they meet late in the afternoon how much more they will have in common. For if the wife says, "Worth is awfully good this season," the husband can answer, warningly, "and General Motors is simply rotten."

I AM really very sorry to return to Paris when all this market flurry is the topic of conversation. Because no matter what happens in America I am blamed for it. "It is very cold this morning," says my tobacconist accusingly; "it comes from New York." "It is very hot today," says the vendor of newspapers; "it comes from New York." "Well, I do not," I answer. I am really tired of it all. But the other current conversational topic they certainly cannot blame on me, and that is the new Cabinet.

"If you care to study sin by the fireside"

TWO members of the new Tardieu Cabinet have had a quiet sort of fame, and are popular for two very different reasons, one for his intellectual capacity, the other for his financial genius. Lucien Hubert, the new Minister of Justice, was formerly president of the senatorial commission for Foreign Affairs. A native of the Ardennes, one editor has compared him to Saint-Beuve's ". . . poet who died young, the man surviving," for Hubert will succeed his predecessor, Louis Barthou, in rehabilitating legally the works of another son of the Ardennes, Arthur Rimbaud, the great young symbolist poet whose *Le Bateau Ivre* has been sold in only expurgated copies for so long. . . . It was Marshal Lyautey who predicted the brilliant career of François Piétri, the new Minister of Colonies. Twelve years ago there was utter disarray in the management of Moroccan affairs. The Government demanded the repatriation of the white troops stationed there. "Take back all your troops," wired Lyautey, "but leave me Piétri." When Piétri was named director-general of Moroccan Finances, Lyautey gave him carte blanche. One year later, from a most chaotic state, Piétri had re-established financial order.

THE annual festival of St. Hubert has taken place, the most elaborate hunts being with the Bonnelles pack at Rambouillet, under the leadership of the aged Dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, and at Chantilly, where run the Noailles and Rothschilds. Until recently the hounds were taken right into the

(*Continued on page* 458)

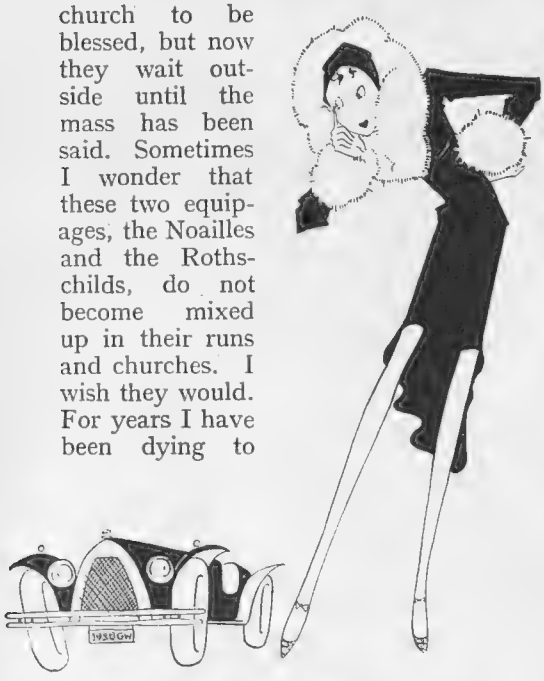
"DISRAELI": A GREAT HISTORICAL FILM

Some impressions of the Warner Brothers' "Vitaphone" talkie, "Disraeli," founded on Louis N. Parker's play, in which the English actor, George Arliss, scores a great hit. The top picture shows Disraeli making his famous Suez Canal speech in the Commons as portrayed in this film, which will be seen in this country in the near future

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 456)

SOME NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

church to be blessed, but now they wait outside until the mass has been said. Sometimes I wonder that these two equipages, the Noailles and the Rothschilds, do not become mixed up in their runs and churches. I wish they would. For years I have been dying to



"If I weighed twenty pounds less I would buy one"

say at each celebration of the patron saint of "la chasse," "I have the right church, but the wrong Jew."

THREE personalities famous in Parisian life have recently died: the Princess Paley, morganatic widow of the Grand Duke Paul, able patroness of every Russian charity in Paris and mother of the Princess Theodore of Russia, who lives most of the year in Biarritz; and of Madame Lucien Lelong; Jacques Doucet, the great couturier and art collector, whose magnificent collection of Watteaus and Fragonards was stupidly refused as a gift by the Louvre, donor of a wonderful art and archæological library to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and who died without having ever received one decoration. And when I think that I see a little bit of red ribbon on nearly every other man in the street . . . ! Another bureaucratic mistake was that a Chair of the Faculty of Medicine was never offered to Doctor Tuffier, one of the greatest surgeons in France.

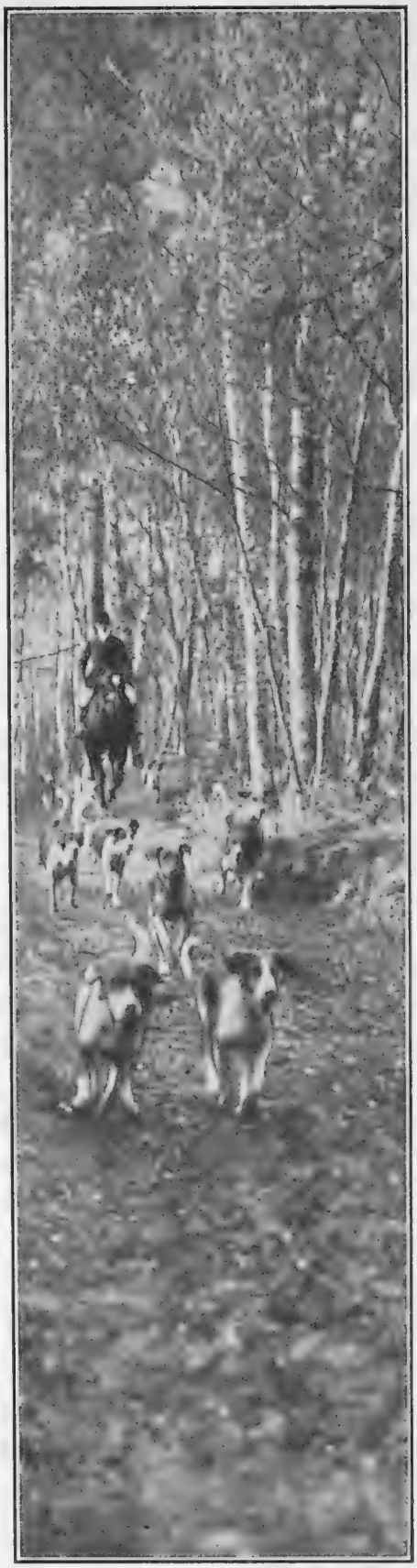
IF I am not mistaken, just one year ago I gave Bystanders a résumé of the Salon d'Automne. So if you will all look up last year's copies you can read what this year's Salon is like. . . . And what a great time my fellow-authors who don't know I am alive have been having this past summer, for the autumn crop of books is blooming (is that the word?) in the windows. Léon Lemonnier's *Enquêtes sur Baudelaire,* very brilliant and expensive and timely, what with bad little Baudelaire's present official white-washing; Paul Reboux' *Richelieu* (the Marshal, not the Cardinal, and what a wild baby he was!); *Les Sept Péchés Cardinaux,* each little sin discussed adroitly by Max Jacob, Jean Giraudoux, Paul Morand, Jacques Lacretelle, etc. (if you care to study sin by the fireside, but then I suppose it is the most economical way); and Bernard Grasset's *Psychologie de l'Immortalité,* which caused me a great deal of embarrassment, for I dashed in to buy it, thinking it was *Psychologie de l'Immoralité,* and what am *I* to do with a book on immortality!

THERE is really a lot going on, in the order of their unimportance: A Salon of Heavy Cars (trucks and tanks and things); *Paris-Miss,* the new revue at the Casino de Paris, with Mistinguett; a Brazilian jazz-band playing at the Florida, the opening night being under the haut patronage of the Brazilian Ambassador, Señor Souza-Dantos; Arthur Rubinstein's concert; Wanda Landowska's concert; the young Marcel Achard's new play, *La Belle Marinière* at the Comèdie Française; at the Ursulines cinema, where all the movie-snobs go, "La Femme au Corbeau," a strange picture made by Man Ray, which takes place in the depths of a swimming pool, and all the actors (with their faces weirdly veiled, suggesting, to me, the paintings of Chirico) being amateurs, including the Vicomte de Noailles; the passing of the Pathé institution in the Boulevards, where people would put on ear-phones and for twenty-five centimes apiece hear the newest records by consulting a list and pressing a button.

Oh, heavens, the afternoons I used to be dragged there with friends who had nothing better to do than sit until they ran out of twenty-five centime pieces and I ran out of patience.

I RECENTLY saw in THE BYSTANDER a racing driver being fitted to his car, and before that I had read that the racers in the Schneider Cup had their planes made to fit them. I have often thought that if I had five thousand francs to spare and weighed twenty pounds less I would buy one of those darling little Bugattis that are made for children and run by electric batteries. And to-day, to my glee, I saw a tiny Citroën for only thirty-five hundred francs, but, being less expensive, I wonder if that means I would have to be forty pounds thinner?

S. L.



News Illustrations

Hounds in full cry at a recent meet of the Eridge Hounds. The new Master of this famous hunt is Major G. T. M. Larnach-Nevill

THE MYSTERY OF THE "BACKER"

By

HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

"When they arrive, they seem to come from Heaven"

At least half of the people of Britain, to judge from my post bag, have written plays. At least a quarter of them seem to have written music. Now, all these people want someone who will find money with which to stage their work.

There exists in the mind of every person connected with the theatre mysterious persons called "backers." The Americans call them "angels," probably because, when they arrive, they seem to come from Heaven, and when they disappear they seem to have flown away.

HISTORY'S best backer was a financier called Davis, who spent over 1,000,000 dollars in trying to make the people of New York go to see *The Ladder,* which had been written by a school friend of his. Davis could make millions out of oil. He was a master of business. Yet *The Ladder* cost him over £200,000! Anne Nichols, who wrote *Abie's Irish Rose,* tried to sell a share to backers. They all refused. It made over £400,000.

In England the wealthiest backer known is probably Lord Howard de Walden, who used to finance Herbert Trench at the Haymarket. They staged a beautiful production of Ibsen's drama, *The Pretenders,* and they tried other plays, which cost lots of money, and then Lord Howard, just to please himself, insisted on *The Blue Bird* being staged, although the others advised against it.

"I do not care if nobody goes," replied the millionaire peer, "I want to see it."

The Blue Bird was the first success of the series!

Lord Howard de Walden also financed Oscar Hammerstein when that American impresario staged *The Children of Don,* the libretto of which Lord Howard wrote, at his Opera House in the Kingsway. On the first night, everything went wrong. The supper party arranged to celebrate a triumph was cancelled.

LORD LATHOM spent thousands on financing other people's shows, *London Calling, A to Z,* and *The Young Visiters* among them, but he steadfastly refused to find money for his own plays. He is a strange paradox—a man who has financed the ventures of his friends, but refused to help himself.

Jack Joel is among the multi-millionaires who has found money for theatrical enterprises. His brother, Solly, does it on a strictly business basis. Joe Benson, the Nitrate King of Liverpool, is another millionaire with interests in the stage, although they have usually been of the bricks-and-mortar kind.

JAMES WHITE'S stage enthusiasms began with his backing of a musical comedy called *His Little Widows,* in which Laddie Cliff made his first London success. Then, one day, he asked me to read some plays for him; why, I do not know.

I took them away, and then, when he insisted on knowing which one I had chosen, pulled one by chance from a pile and gave it to him. It was called *The*

"'Why don't you put some money into a play?' said one"

PROFITS AND LOSSES

Stage Photo Co.

UP FOR IDENTIFICATION!

Those brilliant humorists, Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert, as the Hypochondriacs, in one of the scenes from "The House that Jack Built." This delightful revue is drawing the Town to the Adelphi Theatre

Knife. I happened to mention it to Arthur Bourchier, and he persuaded James White until the financier staged the play, which, however, lost money. White was not discouraged. Towards the end he acquired Daly's and tried to run it himself, even insisting on writing some of the dialogue of *Cleopatra*.

S

CLARENCE HATRY, too, has been a backer of plays. Bottomley once financed a Nelson play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell acted.

Stage backers come from all ranks and from all parts of the country. When *The Ghost Train* was written the manager who acquired it advertised for finance. Among the answers was one from Bath. A manufacturing engineer called Phillips wrote to say he would find money. It was his first stage venture. His luck was in. He made thousands. Then he backed a musical comedy called *Up with the Lark*—and retired from the theatre. Of all the men who, in recent years, have found money for plays, Phillips was one of the most charming.

ANOTHER backer of this kind was young Everard Gates, a Yorkshire youth who came into his father's fortune, and then, against his friends' advice, insisted on backing *White Birds* at His Majesty's Theatre. Everything went wrong from the start, and, in the end, it cost Gates £26,000, every penny of which was paid without any complaint.

Edgar O'Brien, a young Coventry man in the cycle business, has found money for *Lady Luck*, which was *His Little Widows* rewritten. He then financed Archie de Bear, but at the wrong time. A better chance would have been when only £900 was wanted to launch the Co-Optimists on their tide of miraculous success.

One of the fortunate ones was a Yorkshireman, L. K. Elmhirst, who, with his wife, own a half share in *Journey's End*. Although Maurice Browne, Ltd., have only a capital of £2,000, the London company has made a profit, since the start, of between £1,000 and £1,500 a week, and, now that *Journey's End* is being acted by twenty companies all over the world, the weekly profits must be several times as large as the concern's entire capital.

S

IT is because of such successes as *Journey's End, Tons of Money,* and *No No Nanette* that all sorts of odd people rush, at times, to put money into plays. There is always the odd chance that a fortune waits, and that is why little people invest their savings in the strangest of ventures. After all, you never know. . . .

Even after the first performance of *Journey's End* at the Savoy I warned the management to get busy on their publicity. I knew it was a great play, but I did not think the public would rush to it. I thought it would be too harrowing.

No one could have foreseen that *Tons of Money* would be such a rage. There have been funnier plays. It was the chance, I suppose, that a farce was a rarity in London just about that time. Anyway, out of it arose the Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn combination, which now stages success after success.

S

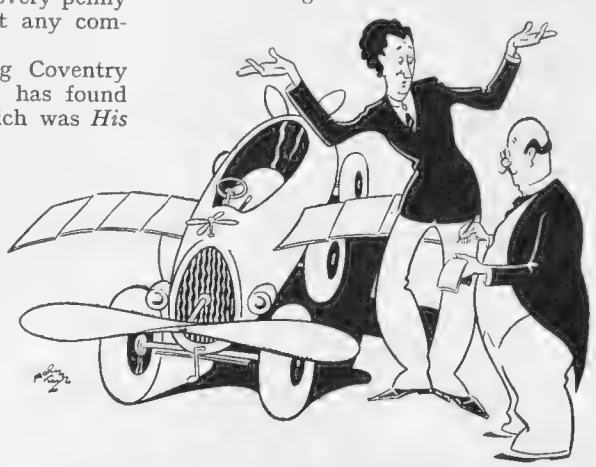
ONCE, at lunch, I heard three young men talking at the next table. "Why don't you put some money into a play?" said one. "I put a few hundreds into one of those Tom Walls shows, and I have got back my money several times."

Yet, after their long run of luck at the Aldwych, the Tom Walls management took over the Fortune and had bad luck with it. You never know. . . .

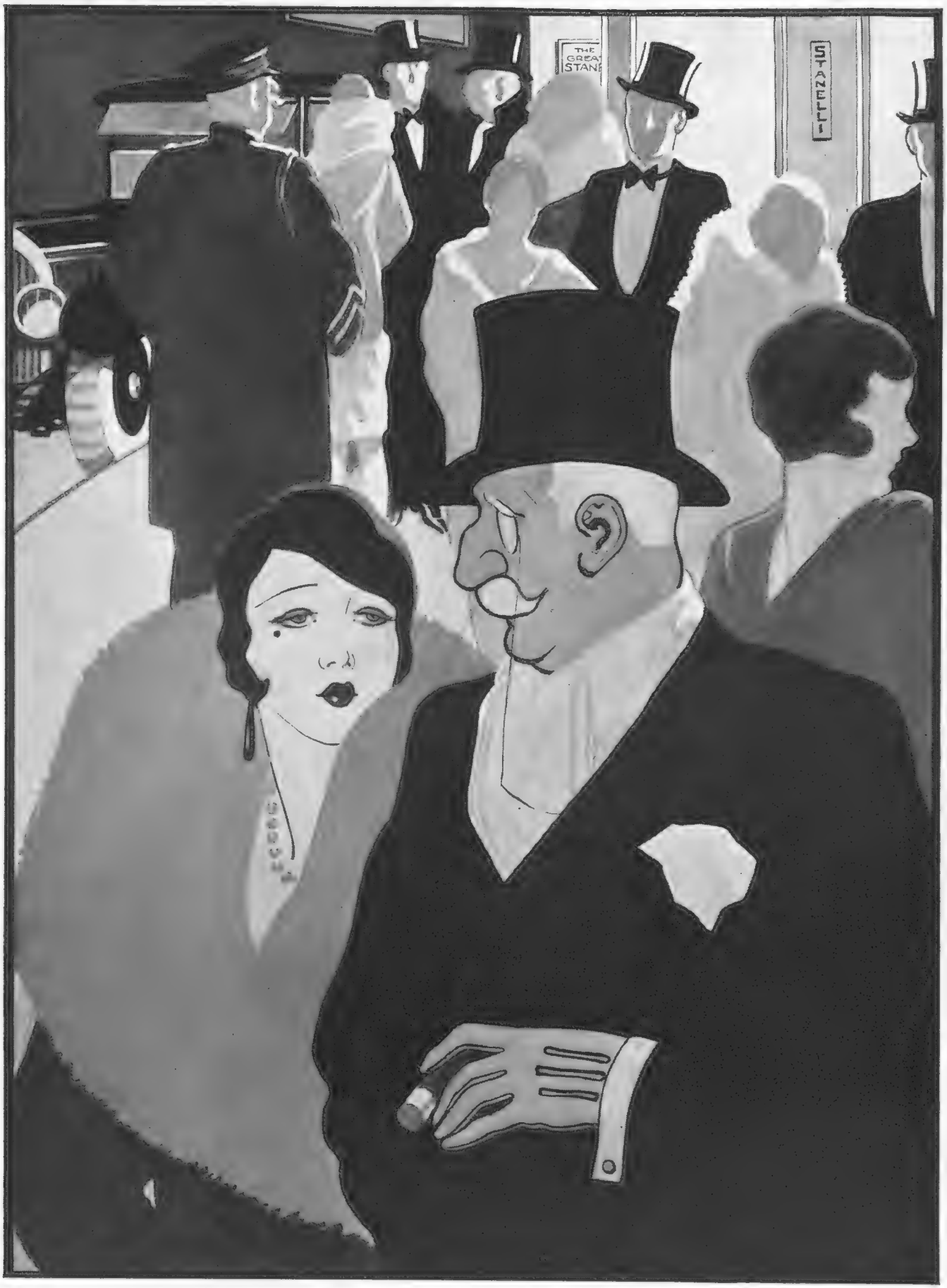
S

AMERICANS have come here almost by the dozen. Some of them have backed plays for fun. Some look upon the theatre as a sort of Tom Tiddler's Ground. Some people do it out of friendship. Michael Arlen found the £150 needed to stage *The Vortex*, which launched Noel Coward upon a tide of prosperity.

One man I know has lost £200,000 on the theatre. Another, who is now a semi-millionaire, started with £50 put into a touring revue.



"Little people invest their savings in the strangest of ventures"



BY STANELLI

HE: "*That was a clean, wholesome show, wasn't it?*"
SHE: "*Yes—I didn't think much of it, either!*"

THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF SMART CLOTHES

By Blanche B. Elliott

EVERY smart woman likes to be exclusive above all things in her dress. To have her best friend exclaim: "My *dear!* where *did* you get that *dream* of a hat?" and to reply airily that she just "picked it up" at So and So's, entirely omitting the hours and, possibly, days of thought and effort she may have expended on its choice. For, of course, the essence of smartness is exclusiveness; to be just ahead of the rest with some adorably becoming novelty is to gain the envy of one's friends and the respect of one's dressmaker. And there are always some adventurous spirits who are leaders of the herd, whether in literature, society, fashion, thought; in fact, all the arts of life, as there are the others who will always follow.

TO be exclusive in dress is becoming increasingly difficult, for the newest fashions are mirrored in the Press, stolen by copyists and given away behind the scenes. It is no wonder, therefore, that there is always a certain atmosphere of mystery around what is to be created next spring, summer or winter, and the strange forces which combine to create fashion are difficult to dissect. It is the great secret that everyone tries to learn, a correct forecast of which would make any wholesale dress manufacturer a millionaire. One senses this feeling of mystery each time one sees a new season's collection, this idea of "just you" being allowed to see fashion secrets that the rest of the world will only hear of later, possibly through you.

An under-the-coat frock of black satin with shiny flowers printed on the surface. Tightly fitting at hip and knee, with slit panels over a shiny satin overskirt. Model Louiseboulanger Sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

THAT is why, perhaps, there is something a little awe-inspiring in attending the openings of the big Paris couturiers where the card of entrée is always so carefully scanned. There is no gate-crashing here. There are too many copyists, idea stealers and tatlers to be guarded against. This jealous custody of the embryo styles is not always understood by the uninitiated, and it was quite pathetic to see the pained surprise registered on the faces of two poor, darling English people who had just blown in to see a new collection at a big couturier's only to find to their dismay they were not allowed in. "But," expostulated Monsieur in excellent French, "Madame has quite the intention of *buying* something!" But no visible impression was made by his remark. The reply was polite but adamant. She regretted it was impossible. Plainly they could scarcely believe it, and, judging by their appearance, they were very unused to being thrown out on their ear, even in the politest manner. To protect themselves further the haute couture has invoked the French law and arranged that models purchased by American buyers are sent under seal to them direct to the States so that they cannot be copied in France after being purchased.

THERE is quite a note of Spring in many of the collections intended for those lucky ones who propose to winter abroad at some place where the sun still shines. But for those of us who must perforce shiver through several months of fog and gloom there are clothes attractive enough to make us wish to stay at home and wear them. Schiaparelli is making some very delightful things in sports wear, which is always of interest to English women. By a little touch she will show us the absurdity of convention in clothes. When she uses leather—as she does a good deal—she destroys by a snip of the scissors one of the main drawbacks to the leather coat, particularly for any form of exercise. She inserts, cleverly, a piece of material at the back of the shoulder or rather top of the arm which will "give" to the swing of a golf club, and makes it look so well that one wonders why no one ever thought of doing it before. Her tweeds are original and unusual. She treats the ski-ing suit, too, in a novel manner, with breeches cut a little on the riding model. Colour is used in bright splashes where most effective on belt, scarf and cap, but she is also capable of keeping to lovely soft browns and greys without making them appear dull and drab.

CHANEL showed an amusing new ensemble for sports wear which consisted of a knee-length cape in one shade of brown tweed hanging from the shoulders of a jacket-shaped jumper which, with the skirt, was in another shade, the design alone being the same. There is quite a feeling for the jacket jumper, which has a tendency to fit on the hips, being worn *over* the skirt with a waistbelt. It is seen in satin or crêpe to wear with the tailor suit. Made in knitted woollens, it is a refreshing alternative to the cardigan we have had with us so long. A new very lightweight knitted wool I have just seen is a product of English looms printed in quiet tweedy designs. As a jumper it weighs under three ounces, and has an exquisite downy softness. I am not an adept in the intricate machinery of knitting, but many of the new jersey tweeds seem to be partly a knitted and partly a woven texture which seems to combine the advantages of both.

LITTLE one-piece frocks, whether in such jersey tweeds, crêpe or printed velvet, are quite the most attractive things we can wear just now. They show the fitted figure and longer skirt, and seem to hit a happy medium in the new styles. Of these Worth does some particularly captivating models, using a princess line with a little rucking at the centre front. The fitted hips have a movement of fullness in the skirt below, which can be cut so as to give a becoming line to almost any type of figure. They are invariably accompanied with coats to match, and are a great standby for smart, practical wear. Collars are original with dog-tooth outline in lingerie or white silk.

THERE is a feeling, more prevalent abroad than here, to make the afternoon frock so elaborate that it continues on as a little dinner frock. Possibly it may have a little short coat to match, which may be taken off to make it more formal, but it is being pushed quite a bit in this new sphere of action. The cocktail party which lengthens on to the dinner hour may be partly responsible for the vogue. It is doubtful whether it would be so successful in England, where we are wedded to the full evening frock as an established convention among well-dressed people. Still, as an innovation, it has much to commend it for the many social afternoon gatherings the winter season brings, and it gives scope for the exquisite elegance the French love to associate with the femme du monde.

The elegance of the evening silhouette is enhanced by the new threequarter length wrap to match. Molyneux creates his model in shimmering orange velvet with deep fur collar to accompany a trailing orange gown of filmy georgette

"No; t'other side the way, November," sang Tom Hood in the days when a "London particular" was not particular as to how often it came, how thick it grew, or how long it remained. The wild, bleak week-end brought its fog and its bitter cold, and promptly many restaurants and theatres overheated themselves to an unbearable extent. London is now imitating Paris in this respect, and one has to pay dearly for the privilege of being roasted up to a decent pitch of suffocation before one emerges into an icy street. Two-thirds of the colds that are now plaguing so many people are due to the contrast between overheated public buildings and an Arctic November outside. The bill for dinner and supper is rarely so reasonable that a doctor's bill can be tacked on to it without being noticed.

FATHER: "What do you want now—haven't I just set your husband up in business?" MARRIED DAUGHTER: "Yes, but George wants you to buy him out!"

Raphael

Miss Anna Brunton, a charming young dancer appearing in the "Jew Süss" ballet at the Duke of York's. She was recently a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company and played the name part in Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" at the Everyman

ONE way some restaurateurs have of coping with the cold weather is to provide hot hors-d'œuvres. For a long time Luigi and others have given us little hot sausages. But at lunch at the Hungaria the other day there were hot mussels, hot rolled pancakes, hot stuffed olives, hot pieces of fish—in fact, a sort of preliminary Irish stew before settling down to the serious business of the meal. I cannot recommend this as an appetiser, but it is wonderfully pleasant so far as it goes—and it goes a deuce of a long way. It was at this lunch that I heard of the formation of the new Gourmets' Club.

I KNOW of many clubs where the discussion, in both senses, of food is an important factor. There is the Thirteen Club, composed mostly of restaurateurs and others in the trade, who eat well, drink well, and do all sorts of unlucky things, and yet look, all of them, as healthy and prosperous as Big Bill Randall, who is one of their leading lights. Then there is the Gastronomic Society (to give it the English name), whose menus, the mere reading of which makes me want to rush to the nearest chemist and order bicarbonate of soda by the hundredweight, are published in due solemnity whenever it meets. There is that extremely select little côterie, the Tatlers, which does itself proud on Sunday nights in a private room at the Ritz. The new Gourmets' Club will be unique in that it is to have club premises, and lunch and dinner, the best procurable, will be 5s. and 7s. 6d. respectively. Membership will be strictly limited to fifty-two, with Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley one of them.

Bryn Lennox (Ann Casson) breaks up a quiet tête à tête young man (Eric Portman) by calmly informing them that latest play, now

M. SOKOLNIKOFF, as he is known at present (like most of the eminent Bolshevists he has had many aliases), I used to see in Paris in a little Russian restaurant near the

Sip We Must

Bourse. The new Soviet Ambassador in London was called something quite different then, but he looked just the same—i.e., Mephistopheles in *Faust,* with a touch of the Demon King in pantomime. The *Daily Herald* waxes, of course, obsequious over the appointment, which, it says, "augurs well for the development of Anglo-Russian relations . . . his personal charm and independence of mind and character fit him for this extremely difficult task." What, I presume, also fits him are his experiences as a Bolshevik agitator from 1905 to 1907, when he was arrested, his eighteen months imprisonment in Moscow, his partnership with Lenin, with whom he returned to Russia after the Revolution, and his command of one of the Red armies whose atrocities were quite unprintable.

Lenare

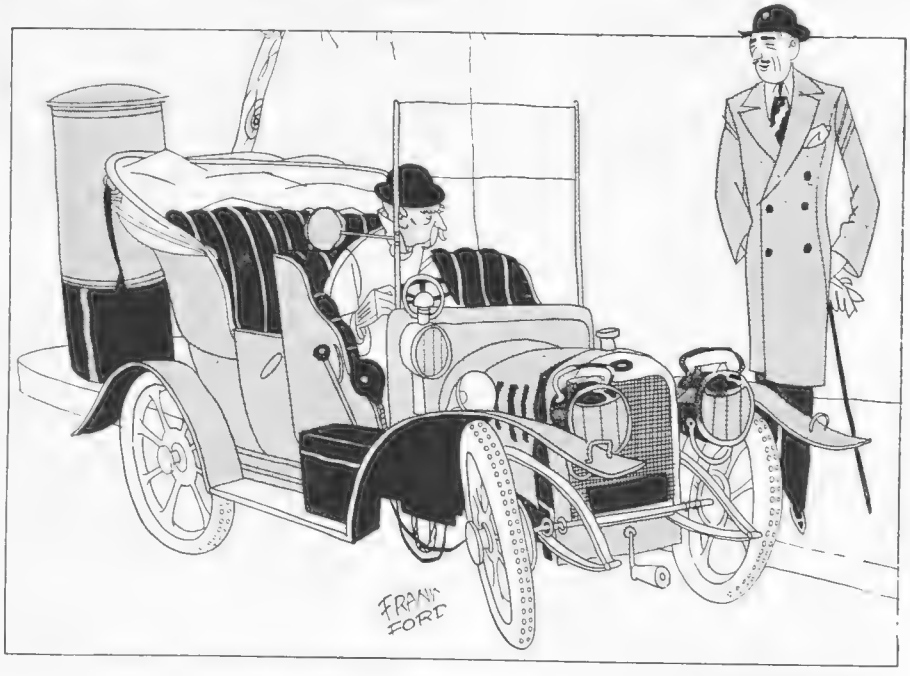
Supper between a young woman (Madeleine Carroll) and a the hotel is on fire. A scene from "The Roof." Galsworthy's running at the Vaudeville

ALMOST as funny as Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew" at the London Pavilion are the adventures of "Mickey the Mouse," which precedes it. Why is it that the comic drawing "movies" are always so much funnier than the photographed ones (except, of course, those which are not intended to be funny at all)? Tears poured down the cheeks of grim politicians and still grimmer Bright Young People on the first night of this show when Mickey appeared; and even "The Adventures of a Sweet Pea," a native film, was not without its humour, albeit of an embarrassing type at times. The Shakespeare film was saved by its setting and by quite a good performance by Doug. "The World's Sweetheart" never, alas, got anywhere near Katherine. Mary Pickford is a very sweet woman. But when she concluded a quite inadequate performance with a slow "close-up" wink at the audience (which proved that she had no conception of what the play means at all) I wished she had kept among the Little Lord Fauntleroysteners.

WHEN I heard Marie Burke singing one night at the Piccadilly Theatre in *The Student Prince,* and Tom Burke singing the next night in *Dear Love,* I bethought me of the time, ten years or so ago, when, before their private disagreement, they gave little parties at their house in Clarges Street. Much has happened since then. Both have been all over the world, more or less. And now both are back in London,

Joan Craven

George Whitelaw, the well-known artist, concerning whose future work in this paper a note will be found elsewhere



By Frank Ford

"What is the horse power of that car?"
"Ten"
"And how many are still alive?"

AN ADVENTURER IN AFRICA

By Chicot

"What would your father say if he knew you smoked?"
"What would your husband say if he knew you spoke to strange men in the park?"

singing within a few yards of each other. Tom was not in good voice on the first night—I thought for a while that Messrs. Clayton and Waller had got hold of the *Limehouse Nights* Tom Burke by mistake. But he is drawing some of the Covent Garden crowd, and during an interval I saw Margot Asquith doing a quiet step-dance in the foyer in the presence of the Duke of Rutland.

ALL the world and his wife, if they can afford it, seem to be shooting at big game nowadays, and sometimes even hitting it. But their expeditions are decidedly de luxe. They go forth into the desert with champagne and armoured cars, everything is made easy for them, and they return, in the phrase consecrated to more distinguished personages, "bronzed and well."

But there are big-game shooters of another and, I think, more heroic type. One of these is Michael Mason, whose book "Deserts Idle." I have found quite absorbing. In his travels in Uganda and thereabouts he met dangers and discomforts innumerable, and he tells his tale with a quiet modesty that helps to make it the more impressive.

THE end of the book is so abrupt that I scented tragedy. It runs: "'I'm deathly sick,' I managed to say; then my English left me altogether, as, whimpering deliriously in Swahali, I crept into camp, crawling on my hands and knees." So I made inquiries, and was glad to hear from Mr. Mason that he recovered from his deathly sickness. It was followed, he tells me, by "several weeks of gold-digging, followed by semi-starvation."

NOT so long ago Bror Kronstrand, the distinguished Swedish portrait painter, bumped suddenly into our office, as full of bubbling gaiety and joie de vivre as was his wont before the War when he had a cheery

A WEARING TOPIC

Miss Benita Hume, the British film star, in a letter to the *Evening Standard*, condemns Miss Gloria Swanson for championing the long skirt, and declares that British girls will always rally to the cry of "fresh air for the knees."

"SAY, listen, folks, the durned short skirt
Is bunk and all—give it the dirt;
The one that's well below the knee
Is sure the goods for little me
Who wants to look like babes of four?
Gee! Not your Gloria, for sure."
So Swanson sings the short skirt's swan song
And vows that she has sung a bon song

"What utter rot," retorts Miss Hume.
"It's quite enough to make you fume!
Britannia, scorning such as these,
Will keep the freedom of the knees
And bar the sort of dress that shows
Both frills above and furbelows,
So rally round, dear girls, I beg,
And do your best to 'show a leg.'"

How could a mere male, such as I,
Have the effrontery to try
To solve the problem or compare
The verdicts of these ladies fair?
All I will say is, "Short or long,
There cannot really be much wrong,
And unperturbed I'll still abide
If either of you are inside!" *B. W.*

A striking portrait by Bror Kronstrand of Mrs. Jarl Sunnerholm, a beautiful Laplander, and her little son. Mrs. Sunnerholm, who was born within the Arctic Circle, is most popular in Scandinavian Society, where her husband holds an important post in the Diplomatic Service

A POPULAR PORTRAITIST

Mr. Michael H. Mason, who roughed it alone for months in Central Africa and Tanganyika in search of big game. He mastered the secret of cheap big game adventure, though it nearly cost him his life. He tells of his adventures in "Deserts Idle"

he idealised his sitters to some extent, is that not legitimate? Then he decided to make money by his portraits. He went off to El Dorado, otherwise the United States, armed with all the prestige attaching to his name, his manifold decorations, portrait painter to the King of Sweden and many foreign royalties, as well as of our leading scientists, plus a pretty good knowledge of femininity gained in his bachelor days. Preparations for this portraiture invasion of America were very complete. The liner was weighed down under gilt-framed canvases, and Kronstrand, armed with every form of diplomatic support, plus décors, triumphantly selected leading dames in many cities whose husbands weighed in with the dough.

KRONSTRAND'S gay bachelor days are ended, for he has married a most delightful Swedish lady, who would probably enjoy hearing of his peccadilloes which once made his Chelsea and Cornish friends chuckle. For he learned his art in the arty-arty circles of the Cornish Riviera. Now he lives at Mariestad, and races his motor boat on the lake of a thousand isles. He pretends to commiserate with the hectic life of London, and invites his English friends to go to Sweden and stay there for a rest cure. I wonder! Mme. Sunnerholm and her child is one of his recent portraits, and is interesting as a Laplander born far north of the Polar Circle, in company with icebergs and reindeer. Like all Northerners, her eyes are a deep blue. Her husband is one of the coming men in Sweden, and an Under-Secretary of State. It is pleasing to know that THE BYSTANDER is popular in the land of our Northern cousins and looked forward to, as Kronstrand says, "as a strong weekly cocktail."

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"You are not pleased with your dress, Madame? Will you not give me some more work?"

"Not a stitch. But I'll recommend you to my friends!"

Janet Jevons

Joan Barry, the beautiful young actress who plays the part of the artist's model in Benn W. Levy's new comedy, "Art and Mrs. Bottle." This was recently produced at the Criterion Theatre

By Norman Kay

"Do you think actresses should marry?"
"Most certainly! How else could they get a divorce?"

Bad Old Biarritz

Being some extracts from the intimate correspondence of the Baroness Carlotta d'Harpilot d'Izigny, first—and last—Lady-in-Waiting to the Hereditary Crown Princesse of Hispano-Suiza, familiarly known as "Hippy."

(New readers can begin here. The old ones will have left off, anyhow.)

CHAPTER XXIX

Well, dear, we arrived here to-day from Paris, and there was quite a lot of trouble when they found we hadn't any tickets, and I started to look for my cheque-book until everybody stood to attention, and I knew that all the police were there just in Hippy's honour. The station master was quite nice about the tickets. He took a couple of autographed photographs instead; you know, the ones in which sweet Cecil Sheer insisted on Hippy wearing a crown. My dear, what's happened to the dear boy now? It must be forty years ago since he did those pictures.

Biarritz has changed since we were last here. We could never have lived on such prices in the old days. My dear, they positively *give* things away. The same old concierge greeted us at the Palais, but Hippy, who is getting a little forgetful, started to give him another autographed photograph. Fortunately, I stopped her in time. He remembered me.

"And how is the Baron?" he said. The dear, he always was so tactful.

I'm afraid I've had trouble with Hippy. She wants to start this "Kult-Natur" business. You know, nuzzings on. I know it's very healthy and everybody's doing it, but Hippy really hasn't the "Kult-Natur" figure. It was always one of the Prince's complaints, though I never told her so. Anyway, we compromised, and I said she could go out without any stockings. So, my dear, what do you think she did? She went out with them over her arm. She really is getting awfully absent-minded.

When we got to the Bar Basque all the men rose as one to greet us. It was most impressive, though it still is a little embarrassing only knowing men in Biarritz. Of course, they were all there: "Boni" de Castellane, Mistinguett, and that dear English Duke who owns Victoria or Belgravia or Charing Cross, and is all covered with his yachts, or, rather, the bay is; and then there were about fourteen Vanderbilts, half a dozen Astors, heaven knows how many Woolworth princes, and those delicious Schwartzheim twins that we met at Baden-Baden last summer.

"Can it really be 'Boni'?" Hippy asked when he came up to greet her.

"Once bony always bony," he said with a laugh, but Hippy blushed. She always has been rather angular.

None of the nice boys who danced so well seem to be here now; indeed, they've gone right out of fashion. Hardly anybody bothers to dance; they just basque. I mean they've apparently discovered there's some people living round here called Basques—did you ever hear of them?—and they play a game called Pelota, and everybody simply tears to entertain the champions, and it's just like those dear old days when everybody had their own private boxing champion. I always remember the thrill I had when Lady ——— introduced me to Carpentier, or was it Dempsey?

Directly Hippy heard about everyone having their pet Peloter, she insisted on having one instantly, and just at that moment a perfect beauty went by. We thought he must be a very good Peloter because only the women spoke to him. (Aren't the sexes funny down here?) Well, he went to the table of that unscrupulous little excavator, Marianne di Cassertina. When you think that her son and mine were both mixed up in that dreadful affair with the exhibition dancer in '81, I do think it about time she let others have a chance. Of course, it was only sufficient for Hippy to see the Peloter with her to declare war at once, and she asked me to scribble a note asking him to be at the hotel at ten. You know Hippy's never been able to write clearly since that nasty affair with the cheques last winter at Cannes. My dear, he gave us the most delicious wink; it reminded me of that clever little dancer who got mixed up with the Princess Kostock's pearls. I never knew how she had the heart to send him to prison.

Hippy was rather troublesome about dressing. She declared everybody would come "Kult-Natur," but in the end I managed to make her take cover, and at eleven *he* arrived looking terribly strong and handsome and Peloterish, you might say. There was a Vanderbilt ball that night, but, of course, nobody was going to dance, just peloter.

Directly I arrived I knew there was something wrong. "Boni" de Castellane whistled, and you know he never whistles unless something awful's around. I thought he'd blow his front teeth out that night somebody gate-crashed the Saint-Pol's dance.

"Better run," said "Boni," "that fellow with you is a dancer. He's no Peloter."

I could have swooned. Of course, I rushed to tell Hippy. I've never heard her use such a lot of angry words—at least, not all together.

We left on the spot, and I think we shall leave Biarritz very soon.

Hippy says she's heard of a place in Italy, Carnera or something.—Yours,

Carlotta.

[*The entire volume of the Princess's letters will be published next month by Rummel and Riversight, 25s.*] *which saves us from printing any more here.*—Editor.]

Have You Heard This?

A critic is a person who can appreciate something he doesn't like and depreciate something that everybody likes.

* * *

Another thing that's as bright and shiny as a new penny is an old suit of clothes.

* * *

Garlic, it is said, is a good preventive of 'flu. Well, we suppose even a germ must draw the line somewhere.

* * *

One advantage of a talking movie act is that you can applaud as much as you like with the positive assurance that there will be no encore.

* * *

A gentleman is always polite enough to get off and give a lady his seat on the water waggon.

* * *

We'll be a self-sustaining people when somebody discovers a nutritious vegetable that can be cultivated with a brassie.

BY REBEL STANTON

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF!

ELEGANCE AT THE

An impression by Mundo of the dance floor at the Embassy Club at supper-time and some of the many well-known people who are w
in a green dress, next to them, and slightly in the foreground, are Mr. Alfredo Peña Unzué and Lady Ashley, whilst the Hon. Wilfre
lawn tennis star, Jean Borotra, dancing with a partner in white a little to the right and next to the monocled Sir Cecil Beck and La
next couple, and on the right are Mr. Arturo Rubinstein and partner next to the presiding genius, Luigi. At the table, Mrs. Jack
less a celebrity than Jackso

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the Offi

BY MUNDO

HE EMBASSY CLUB

are wont to take exercise and refreshment there. On the left of the dance floor Sir Francis Oppenheimer is dancing with a partner Winfred Egerton is seen in the background. Immediately behind the table are Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Edwards, with the smiling nd Lady Beck. M. and Mme. Dubonnet (better known as Mrs. Nash, of "the best-dressed woman in the world" fame) are the Jack Williams and Mrs. Godfrey Miller sit at supper with Mr. Lionel Mander, the picture being completed by the presence of no Jackson, the Club's black cat

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FILM NOTES

Douglas Fairbanks as Petruchio in the talking picture, "The Taming of the Shrew," now running at the London Pavilion

SHAKESPEARE COMES TO THE SCREEN

By Lionel Collier

WAL, folks, I've given the once over to lil' ol' Bill Shakespeare's drammer "The Taming of the Shrew." Believe me, Katie gets here alright, alright in this daddy of sheik stuff—and how! Oh, Boy! Mary cops dame honours of the show, but Doug is the big noise.

SORRY, but this is what I imagined I should hear, if not in words, at any rate in accent, at the London Pavilion, where Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are appearing for the first time together in "The Taming of the Shrew." I was pleasantly disappointed. Except for a slight trace of accent in Fairbanks' voice, and a rather more pronounced one in Mary Pickford's, the whole thing might have been played by Englishmen.

IT is a really joyous entertainment, and I believe if Shakespeare could see it he would applaud as loudly as anyone. No liberties have been taken with the text, except that some has been cut in a perfectly justifiable manner, but more comedy touches have been added.

NOW, some people go through life regarding all of Shakespeare's works as hardly secondary to the Bible in sacredness, and these good people will probably raise their hands in horror because the play has been treated as broad comedy, and even in parts as familiar "slapstick" which is not even above a custard pie meeting the face of one of the characters firmly and stickily.

ON the other hand, people who venerate without idolatry will realise that the material has been put over in the true spirit of its farcical nature. For instance, an intensely comic wedding scene is included, and when Katherine is introduced everything flies across the stage from lamps to chairs, while she herself brandishes a whip with the same ferociousness as does Petruchio himself.

Nancy Carroll as she appears in "The Dance of Life," at the Plaza

COMEDY — ANCIENT AND MODERN

A dramatic scene in "Atlantic," the bilingual talkie which was shown privately at the Regal recently. It is a British International film produced by Dupont

SAM TAYLOR, the director, has once or twice failed to be funny, as in the case of Grumio, who is given a scene in which he appears soaked through and sneezing as the advance guard before the arrival of Petruchio and Katherine on a carthorse after the wedding. On the other hand, the bedroom scene is handled in a finely farcical manner, ending with the most realistic bump on the head by a stool for Petruchio.

IT is action all the way, and yet the lines are given their full significance and are excellently delivered. Fairbanks rants and roars his way through his part in an ideal manner. He is not bound by any Shakespearian traditions, as, indeed, why should he be? What he does succeed in doing is to bring "The Taming of the Shrew" back to its proper proportion and to the people for whom it was written. This is not highbrow comedy, but popular and ingenuous farce. Who could wish for anything better of its kind?

MARY PICKFORD is, unfortunately, miscast. Her voice is not effective, and at times it was out of synchrony. She rises to the occasion, however, in the final scenes, where slapstick holds sway, and the picture, to all intents and purposes, would have been quite as effective silent, although one must admit that the noise effects add to the broad humour.

HORTENSIO is very well played by Geoffrey Wandwell; his voice is melodious, and, judging by his methods of delivery, he has had training in Shakespearian plays. The same applies to Edwin Maxwell as Baptista and Joseph Cawthorn as Gremio. Clyde Cook does not fit the part of Grumio too well, but he has his moments, especially when it is a matter of facial expression.

The whole of this glorious farce is excellently mounted and finely photographed. Spacious settings of Petruchio's and Baptista's homes are augmented by well-set street scenes.

A PARTICULAR point for which Sam Taylor deserves full praise is the way he has maintained a smooth continuity. He builds up his farce smoothly and rounds it off with a broad wink from Katherine as she extols the virtues of men.

By the way, Constance Collier acted in an advising capacity to the production, and no doubt a large measure of praise is due to her too.

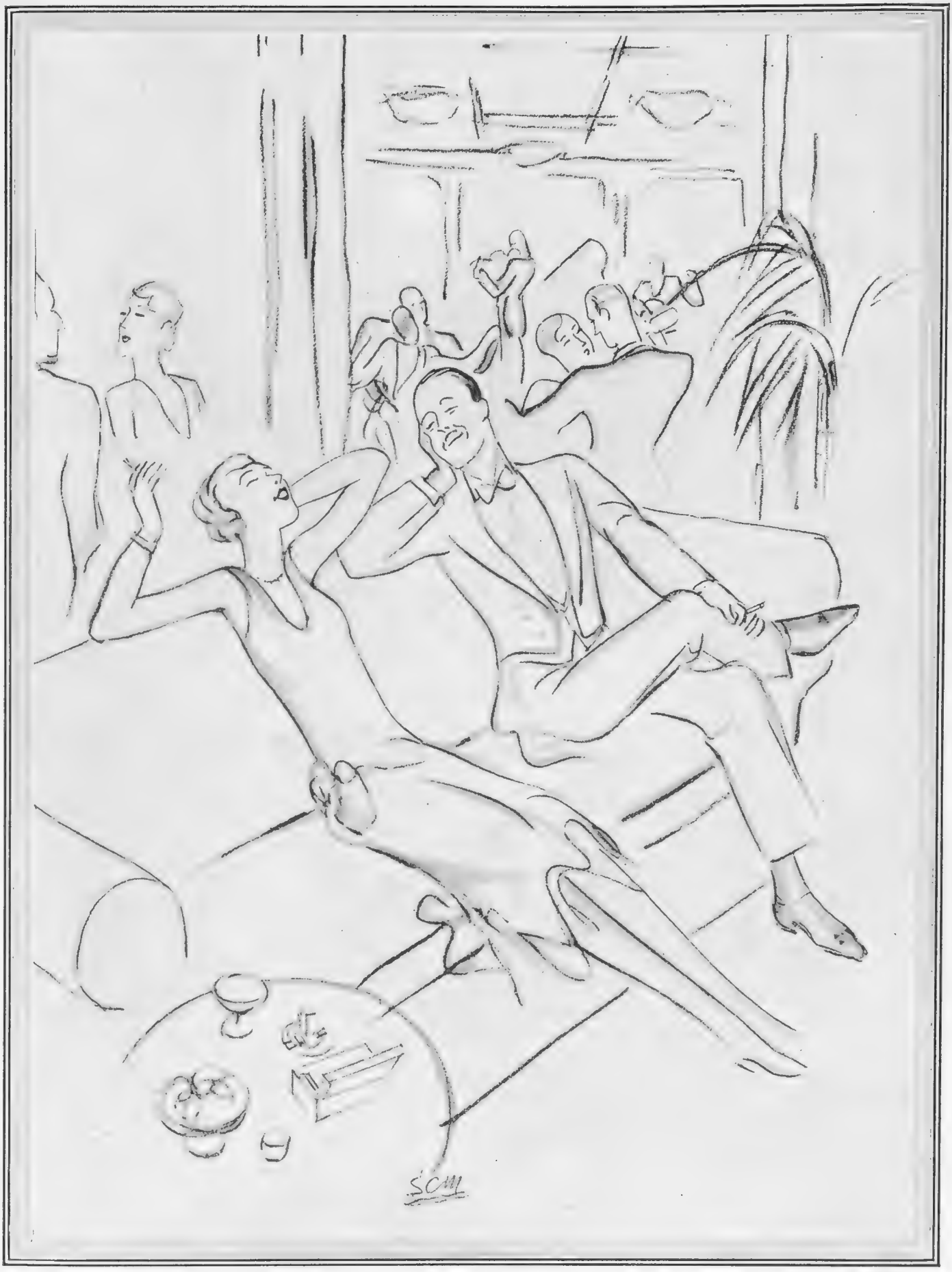
I think most of us will thank Fairbanks for the picture, which is one of the most interesting America has ever sent over to us.

Mary Nolan and Warner Baxter in "West of Zanzibar," Lon Chaney's latest film

I DID not see "Burlesque" when it was on in the West End with Nelson Keys in the lead, but I feel it must have been a much better show than its screen counterpart, "The Dance of Life," at the Plaza. Why it has been rechristened is one of those mysteries which are always cropping up in film titles. One of its assets, one would have thought, would be the fact that it had been adapted from a successful stage play. It is really a wonder that "The Taming of the Shrew" was not rechristened "Katie Gets Here!"

WE are introduced in "The Dance of Life" to a first-class comedian who is in a third-rate show, and who, through the efforts of a girl in the same company, gets to Broadway, just as all good Americans go to Paris when they die. Anyway, she marries him, and cures him of a propensity for illicit liquor, but when he gets on Broadway he forgets her and takes up serious drinking. After ineffectual efforts to get him to see her she serves divorce papers, having found a really nice millionaire from the wide open spaces who adores her. This is too much for our comedian, who gets so drunk that he cannot appear in the Ziegfeld Follies. He is dismissed, and, of course, steadily degenerates until no one will employ him. An old manager friend of his, however, takes him, and wires for his wife to help him through. She arrives, pulls him through a show, and promises to stay with him for ever.

THE action is very slow, and so one loses interest in the characters, but Hal Skelly's performance is excellent, and it is worth seeing for him alone. Nancy Carroll, too, is most attractive as the faithful wife. L. C.



BY S. C. MARTIN

"Yes, I'm a cosmopolitan. My father was Irish, my mother Italian, I was born in a Swedish ship off Barcelona, and Mr. McTavish is my dentist!"

"What's Mr. McTavish to do with it?"

"Why, of course, that makes me of Scottish extraction!"

ART and FASHION

M. Scaioni's Exhibition of Fair Women in the latest modes

All art is allied, but no two branches more happily than those of the dress designer and the modern photographer, as is triumphantly manifested by M. Scaioni's Exhibition, which is being held at the Camera Club. Each has an appreciation of a picture as a whole, and much wisdom may be gleaned.

(On the left) A graceful Lucile Paray wrap, exquisitely embroidered in shimmering beads, the slenderness of which is emphasised by the bloused top and the generous shawl collar, ending in long draperies

(On the right) Premet makes this distinguished Princess frock of heavy black georgette, placing a narrow belt just below the natural waistline, and relieving its sombreness by an attractive lace corsage

Coatees are all-important this season. Paul Poiret uses the one below as an excuse for an extremely effective colour contrast, the theme being repeated in the bow which fastens the demure little collar of the frock

THE CAMERA — AND CLOTHES

A white satin gown of classic beauty, by Lucile. It closely moulds the figure from shoulder to knee, the line being softened at the waist by the deep, swathed hip-band, which is carried upwards and knotted loosely at the side

LINE, the one thing which pre-eminently has the power to make or mar every dress, is shown to perfection in Scaioni's studies, for it would seem that he is able to infect his models with his own love of sinuous curves and strikingly effective angles.

MUCH is being written about the desirability of all women attending classes for the teaching of deportment, in order that they may successfully wear clinging frocks. For it is undeniably extremely difficult to glide sensuously when one has become accustomed to striding freely, and unconcernedly to manage trailing draperies when one has always worn uncomplicated clothes. The camera is a candid friend. Or, maybe, upon occasions, a ruthless critic!

THEN, too, how well Scaioni understands, and how cleverly he demonstrates, the subtle value of contrasting surfaces! Because these are so frequently being used to provide the sole decoration of our winter ensembles, it behoves everyone to learn as much as ever they can about the possibilities of light and shade.

FOR those who seek he reveals the cherished secrets of the great Paris couturiers. Day and evening gowns and wraps, sports suits, studio robes, exotic pyjamas, ravishing lingerie, the most chic of accessories—all these he uses as instruments of his art, giving to each of them that touch of perfection which comes from complete harmony in every detail.

When first it was rumoured that evening gloves were to be worn with the new dresses, women thought regretfully of the wearisome struggles caused by the conventional variety. Alexandrine banishes such qualms by sponsoring short gloves of soft black suède, decorated with embossed velvet spots and glittering sequins, complementing them with a filmy scarf

A typical salmon stream in the Basses Pyrenees which attracts the skilled angler. In the foreground, a large salmon is seen jumping

Photographs

The crowd watching a match in progress on the attractive course at Font Romeu in golf enthusiast will find ample

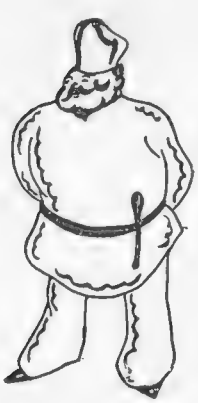
UP & DOWN

By RICHARD

FROM the Bay of Biscay to the Gulf of Lyons runs a great chain of mountains, but more than a chain of mountains it is a chain of history linked with an infinite past; a chain of romance linked with the troubadours and the earliest age of chivalry, a chain of splendid peaks, scarce wetted by Neptune's onslaught, and beneath the heights sweet, generous valleys—in a word, the Pyrenees.

You can't see the Pryenees without a thumping of the heart, without a spontaneous cry of delight; and you only leave them with the determination to return. You become a subject to their majesty, they have only to beckon and you follow.

Don't let a first, and maybe a false, impression dismay you.



PROBABLY on your first arrival on the outskirts of Biarritz you will miss them altogether, for the austere beauty of the peaks of the Three Crowns (les Trois Couronnes), set in a lustre of blue sky and cloud, may be hidden. I think I remember saying when I arrived, "Well, where are these damned mountains, anyway?" But you will see them soon enough, come to thrill at their magnificence, their haughty disdain. They are so contemptuous of man, even though he has flung motors over their passes, hewn tunnels through their rocks, trapped their torrents into turbines, for, like the Basques themselves, time has not whittled down the independence of their character, they stand resolute before invasion, undaunted by adversity, only tenacious of their liberty.

THAT is the Basque and those are his mountains. The story of the Basques goes back into the mist of obscurity, but the story of their country rings with the tumult of endless battle, and they will tell you that there are three great noises in the mountains, that of the torrent, that of the wind, and that of the army of Charlemagne, that marauder who pillaged to right and to left under the holy ægis of Rome. And the Song of Roland is the song of the Pyrenees.

THE similarity of the Basque to his environment is not only that of dourness and stubbornness. Mountains have valleys, the Basques have smiles and their vivacity and charm, their love of hospitality, are reflected in the beauty and fertility of the valleys of the Pyrenees.

THE majority of English people who come here usually begin their visit at Biarritz, St. Jean-de-Luz or Pau, but before I become inveigled into writing of these three genial playgrounds I had better make a stand for those places in the country around, which you dare not leave without at least visiting once, even if it is only to lunch while the garage refills the petrol tank.

ACTUALLY, the only way to appreciate and understand the Pyrenees, or,

The national Basque game of Pelota

Alfieri

the Basses Pyrenees. The Cult of the Club is as popular here as elsewhere, and the opportunities to enjoy the game

THE PYRENEES

VINER

A view from Pau showing the beautiful woods that go down to the water's edge with the sombre mountains in the background

indeed, any other locality, is to walk it. Shall I tell of how one morning, from the Golf Hotel upon the pretty bay of St. Jean-de-Luz, I strode out to cross the Pyrenees and come to Pamplona in Spain? Alas for my good intentions, I was overtaken by a charabanc! The road was long, the day was hot, and if I took the car I should be at St. Jean Pied-de-Port by midday. I took it, hurriedly persuading myself that the valley of the Nive was no less beautiful though I travelled at thirty miles an hour instead of three, and shortly after came to the home of Edmond Rostand at Cambo, which might be called the Wimbledon of the Basques' national game, Pelota. There is hardly a village in the Pyrenees which has not its pelota wall—I have even seen it played against the side of a church, a priest with his cassock rolled up to his waist coaching his choir boys!

Being played at St. Jean-de-Luz

AROUND Cambo one sees those attractive white houses, with tiled roofs and protective eaves decorated with coloured beams, that are commonly pointed out as typical Basque houses. They are nothing of the sort, for no houses are typical of Basque architecture, which changes with every different province of the Basque country. Later on you find the square, stone-walled house, sturdy enough to withstand a siege, and others of stone topped with a curious super-structure of wood.

A FEW miles after Cambo everybody starts gesticulating and pointing at an enormous boulder with a hole through which a man might pass. It was hewn by the mighty Roland with one plunge of his sword and known ever after as the Pas de Roland. St. Jean Pied-de-Port lands you at the foot of the great Roncevaux Pass where Roland met his end and Charlemagne saw his army routed by the simple action of the Basques rolling boulders from the mountain tops on to his soldiers. Buses pass here now, but even the rattle and bang of mechanical transport cannot rob it of its wild beauty. Wellington also had a somewhat adverse time in the district a couple of years before Waterloo, and, having mentioned the Duke, I think I had better digress and run up to Pau, for it was Wellington who started the first pack of hounds there.

PAU, from whose terrace there is a superb view of the Pyreneean range, is undergoing the most drastic changes. M. Andrée, the successor of Cornuché at Cannes, Deauville and La Baule, has added it to his activities. Pau is on the threshold of even greater celebrity than that which came to it through Henry of Navarre and the flight of Calvin to the Château of Pau and the protection of Marguerite de Valois. Its Casino has been rebuilt, the market-place has become a flower garden, scaffolding conceals further surprises in the Boulevard des Pyrenees, and if all

AT PLAY IN THE PYRENEES

A characteristic scene in a Basque town during market day

the "ifs" materialise Pau will become a miniature Paris. An American, Mr. Frederick H. Prince, is, and has been for many years, Master of the Pau Hounds, and every winter sees a number of English, Americans and French transforming the town into a Melton Mowbray.

FROM Pau the entire Pyrenees may be toured along that spectacular mountain itinerary, the Route des Pyrenees, going to all those towns renowned for their particularly unpleasant but healthful medicinal waters, Eaux-Bonnes, with sight of the Pic du Midi and the valley of the Argelès, Lourdes, Cauterets, Luchon, Ax-les-Thermes, Font-Romeu, from where you will look down upon the lovely valley of the Cerdagne, right down to Perpignan and the Mediterranean coast. Of course, to do the Pyrenees properly you need six months or six years rather than six days or sixteen. Approaching the east coast you are amidst the old province of Roussillon, once upon a time a part of Catalonia, within reach of Carcassone, and also of that incredible little republic of Andorra. One of the most impressive views to be had of the Pyrenees Chain is from the Col D'Aspin, and a fascinating excursion is to be made up the valley of Luchon and through a succession of small villages, with here and there a ruined castle set in a luscious verdant beauty of wood and pasture. From the top of Aspin you see all the power and majesty of the Pyrenees, the Maladetta, the Posets, Clarabide, and the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, with snow enwrapping their peaks. Then indeed may you feel some misgivings of man's omnipotence!

The popular Biarritz Foxhounds are enjoying another good season this year, and above, Mr. F. H. Prince, M.F.H., the Master, is seen chatting with a follower at a recent meet

THERE are not many games you cannot play at Biarritz, though in winter and spring one's time is principally spent on the two golf courses, the one on top of the town and the other out at Chiberta, which is near the town of Chambre d'Amour, which might be deemed likely to put any golfer off his game! Casanova is the chic night place during the season; it lies in the direction of Chiberta, and liveried flunkeys escort you with lighted candles up a winding pathway to the entrance, where you pay the equivalent of one year's subscription to THE BYSTANDER for one bottle of champagne.

THE Bar Basque is the most popular rendezvous in Biarritz outside the Casino. You can drink on the terrace, or inside. You can lunch in the pergola restaurant, or in the cool of the basement when it is very hot. Somebody had written that "every third person you meet at the Bar Basque is either a duke, a grand duke, a marquis, or Erskine Gwynne." Robert is the bartender. He could make water taste like wine.

ON the road to St. Jean-de-Luz and Spain you pass the Villa Helianthe, where the Prince of Wales has stayed when at Biarritz; the Pavillon Royal, farther on, is where the late Queen of Roumania, who wrote under the pseudonym "Carmen Sylvia," lived, and then comes Bidart and Guéthary, where you may lunch at the Laiterie Basque, and so to St. Jean, a charming resort, not so pretentious as Biarritz, with a mild climate and a brace of golf courses. Of course, you will go and lunch at La Réserve de Ciboure. After that you had better sit still; but before the light fails make your way to the old Basque church at St. Jean, where Louis XIV married Marie-Thérèse after some astute haggling between Cardinal Mazarin and the Spanish on the Ile des Faisans, which provides a further excursion from Hendaye. Then, having done your duty by the guide books, you may come back to the Casino and call "Banco!" till the sunshine sweeps you to bed.

"What time does the next train for the Pyrenees go?"

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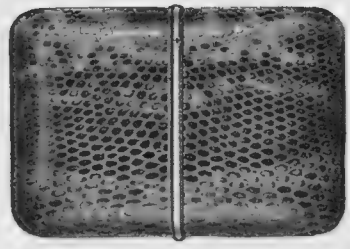

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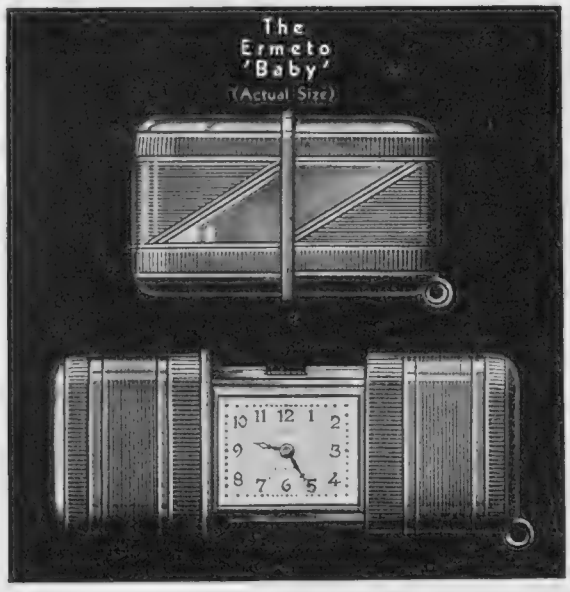

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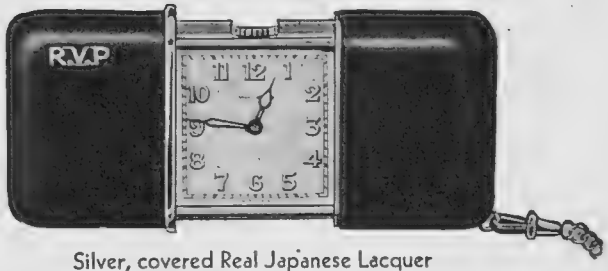

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A MAN OF STRAW

By

DAPHNE DU MAURIER

Illustrated by Nick

I saw him in Leicester Square, standing on the edge of the pavement in front of the Empire.

There was something familiar about him, the tall, thin figure, the small moustache, and the pale, helpless blue eyes. He looked up at me, hesitating, uncertain, a little afraid to speak, expecting that I should cut him.

Then, like a flash, it came back to me; his name, his personality.

"Surely it's Marlow, isn't it?" I said, "and I don't believe you've forgotten me either. Where have you been all these years, and what happened to you after we ran up against each other that time in France, in '17?"

He had scarcely changed at all. He must have been thirty-six or seven, and yet there was scarcely a line to show the difference between him and the boy I knew at school. And yet there was something—vague, shadowy. It was as if, imperceptibly, he had shrunk into himself, become worn, a little humble. I could see him at school, rather arrogant, inclined to show off, and yet popular, with many friends. Then, in France, when I met him suddenly in Havre during 1917, his arrogance had shown itself again. His attitude towards me, a junior officer, had been superior, slightly ridiculous. Now, twelve years later, his manner had altered. He stooped a little, too, as if he bore some weight upon his shoulders. I felt curious to know how he had lived.

"I never thought you would remember me," he smiled. "You know how it is, one goes abroad—one drifts, and people go out of one's life. . ." He seemed to be apologising for something.

I realised that he had the appearance of someone who is half-starved, who denies himself the meanest necessities. Yet he was not in any way shabbily or poorly dressed, his clothes were good. I took him off to dinner at my favourite little Italian restaurant, and there his general shyness melted, he gave way, he told me about himself. I leant back in my chair, smoking innumerable cigarettes, and listened to him for nearly two hours without interruption. He told me his story, fixing me the while with his pale blue eyes, and from time to time brushing his short moustache with a quick, impatient gesture.

"The fact is," he began, "I'm done;

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Nothing seemed to matter as long as I saw that child every day. We used to swim together—

beaten. Life has got me under, and I can't cope. I'm thirty-seven; no money, no job—without the likelihood of anything turning up. One goes on hoping, day after day, that something will come along, and that's about all. Meanwhile, I keep up appearances; I never allow myself to grow slack or shabby.

"These clothes, for instance. You'd never guess from my clothes that this is the first meal I've had for two days? No, I believe in keeping up appearances."

He spoke without conviction. His hand trembled as he lit the cigarette I offered him. A note of weariness crept into his voice, a whining note, a ceaseless complaint.

"You see, nothing has really been my fault," he went on. "Not consciously, anyway. I've never meant to hurt anyone or anything, and yet life has been against me, always, always. I don't ask for much, only the right to live decently, to keep body and soul together.

"Something has happened to the world. People have become brutal, callous. No one is ready to lend a helping hand. If I were like the rest of them, hard, indifferent, thick-skinned—God, if I could only change my temperament. But I'm so appallingly sensitive—and it's incurable, there's nothing to be done. All my life it's been the same—all my life mucked up because of it."

He drank his coffee slowly, thoughtfully. It occurred to me that he was acting a little, that he was watching himself as it were, with me, and creating for his own benefit a shadow on a wall.

Yet he seemed unconscious of this, and I decided that he had acted a part so long that he had therefore lost all insincerity, and had become one with the character he had drawn for himself.

He leant forward, intimate, as one who bares his soul to his confessor.

was miserable, wretched, and here was this lovely child willing to give up all her time to me"

"And then—no one has really understood me since my mother died."

Weakness, self-pity—at once I held the key to his character.

JUSTIFIED, perhaps, a shallow, empty life, like most of us who came through the War, but surely he could have found somewhere a place to rest? He could not have searched in himself, nor in anyone, for that matter, for that small grain of beauty that lies in all of us, even in the most weary, the most forsaken.

"No one has understood me since my mother died."

Then he went on to talk about the War.

"Those four years had a terrible effect upon me. They shook something inside me, not youth, not ideals, but something I can't name. Vaguely, I think, it was the want to ever do anything or to be anyone that went. There didn't seem very much purpose in anything. I don't know if other fellows did the same—but I became slack with myself, I didn't bother to think at all.

"At first I waited, expectant, for something terrific to happen, so as to be able to lose myself in a rush of feeling—but it never came. I messed about, doing my job mechanically, aware of a sense of frustration, as if I'd missed something, taken the wrong turning. I dare say it was different for you, right in the thick of it. You see, I never actually saw any fighting," he went on hurriedly, as if ashamed, blushing a little. "I was cooped up in Havre most of the time, staff work, you know, red tape. They stuck me there—it wasn't my fault."

He looked at me helplessly. I wondered why he took such pains to explain this to me. War records—what do they matter now, one way or another?

He conjured in my mind a vision of old men in clubs, discussing the election of a possible new member. "They tell me he has a very fine war record." "Oh! really," and the matter is settled.

"You've no idea what it was like in Havre," said Marlowe. "It made one restless, impossible. If I could have been in the thick of it like you—seen men die round me—I don't know, perhaps . . ."

He stopped, uncertain of his words, unable to continue.

One didn't talk of these things—besides, it had all happened so long ago. I think we were both aware that this was not a discussion that would lead him anywhere.

"When I got back to England after the War, I messed about in London for a while. I didn't know what to do with myself at all. I got in with a crowd of people, all a little jaded, and rather excited about nothing, do you know? We killed time, we went to parties—we didn't even really amuse one another. That sort of thing has never appealed to me. Then I married.

"My marriage was a terrible failure,

right from the start. You see, I started the whole thing because I was bored."

So much for marriage. His sentence was typical, not only of the man, but of most of us—this thoughtless, post-War generation.

"BESIDES, I was sorry for her," he continued. "I'm very easily touched by people, especially women. She was unhappy at home, and longed to be independent. She told me some wretched story about a man who wanted her to go to New Zealand and live with him—they had had an affair for a year or so—and then, before she could make up her mind, he died of pneumonia. Of course, when we met she was going on the rebound, and, as I told you—I was bored, nothing to do. Kate and I were just caught up in the mesh of things. Perhaps we both thought there was a certain safety in marriage. Anyway, it all happened without much forethought—we imagined and pretended that what we were doing was for the best. Outwardly, I fancied this, but in reality I was tortured by doubt. Why, on the eve of my wedding I told myself 'You're making a terrible mistake,' but it was too late. I did not see what I could do. How does one get out of that sort of thing without appearing an appalling cad?

"No, I'm convinced now, as I was then, nothing could be done. Kate and I had to go through with it.

"How can I explain to you? You see, I'm not really a very physical person, and unless I have someone who is sympathetic, who understands my countless changes of mood, it's hopeless—hopeless. I suppose she was disappointed in me, it was natural. However, it is worse than useless to try to draw a picture of this to you.

"Well, I found it impossible to continue living on the little income my mother had left me. I had to find something to do.

"Do you know Beachcomb, that place on the East Coast that some enterprising fool tried to push as a fashionable seaside resort? I believe a pile of money was lost there. I got the job of running the sports centre.

"It wasn't bad fun at first. They gave us a bungalow facing the sea, and a decent little garden. Kate used to potter about there, she was fond of gardening, and she scraped up acquaintance with the various locals. After a year the life got on my nerves to such an extent I thought I should become insane.

"The petty atmosphere of that club, day in, day out, the endless rows at the hotel, people being rude, not paying—and then it always seemed to fall on me, the job of peace-making—of patching up quarrels.

"Then Kate started to make silly scenes of jealousy over nothing at all.

"Oh, I dare say many other fellows would have found the life ideal, no actual worries, decent pay—long summer months in the open air and that sort of thing.

"Let them try Beachcomb in the winter, though, when you can get through all your work in the morning, and then idle away the rest of the day playing billiards with chaps who haven't an ounce of brain in their heads.

"And then going back to your wife, and finding her in tears because you had left her alone. Row after row!

"THAT sort of atmosphere kills anyone like me, my nerves went all to pieces. I scarcely knew what I was doing. Then—well, the inevitable happened. I—made a fool of myself over a girl, and it cost me my job. She was stopping at the hotel for the summer with an invalid aunt. Nan she was called. God—what a lovely thing she was—very fair, thin, only eighteen. She used to come up to the club and say she wanted lessons in golf. It was an incredibly hot summer that year—Beachcomb became almost attractive, and I neglected everything.

"I guess the sun must have gone to my head, nothing seemed to matter as long as I saw that child every day. We used to swim together—go for moonlight walks—you know the sort of thing. I never stopped to think for a moment. My life with Kate was a farce; I was miserable, wretched, and here was this lovely creature willing to give up her time to me.

"I've always adored anyone young, anyone gay. I couldn't help realising that Kate was older than I, that she had never been particularly attractive. I can't see that I was a cad in making love to Nan, any man would have done the same, she was so young, so lovely.

"Besides, I never meant it to become serious, I thought it would merely be a relaxation."

Once more the note of injury crept into his voice. The weak man, the injured man. He had never "thought" about this, he had never "meant" any harm. Impotent stock-phrases, my brother.

"Everything seemed to combine to force us together," he protested. "I assure you I made no definite move, but opportunities occurred—these things have to happen, it's human nature. And I'm so damned sensitive to beauty."

One by one his little weapons fell from him, and his words helped him not at all.

"Things went on like this for about six weeks, and then Kate found out. I can't go into this, or how she discovered. It's too sordid, too horrible. There was a terrible scene, and she threatened to make a scandal. I was terrified of the result of all this upon Nan, and the general break-up of things. For two days Kate and I never slept at all, we discussed the question from every point of view, arriving nowhere, going over and over the same old ground.

"By the third day I was too tired to argue any more, the position was hopeless, I was ready to accept any conditions. Kate suddenly seemed to possess the energy which I was lacking. I felt ashamed of myself, I had treated her badly. And now that it had come to the point I was uneasy at the thought of a divorce, of making some sort of a life with Nan, of another failure perhaps—anyway, I was unable to cope. So I agreed to Kate's suggestion—I threw up my job—I wrote a wretched farewell letter to Nan—and that was the end of it."

His eyes seemed to feel mine, in search of sympathy, of possible disapproval. Then he looked away, and began to tug uncomfortably at his little moustache.

"We then came up to London, and lived in rooms near Holland Park."

His sentence seemed to suggest that this was the outcome of every adventure that has no end, of all broken romances.

"A FRIEND of Kate's told me I ought to go on the films. I've always photographed fairly well, but I felt there must be more in it than that. Still, Kate was keen, she had heard glorified accounts of the money they paid, I suppose, and it didn't make much difference to me what I did.

"This friend introduced me to a chap who was starting a company. I made a fair test, and to my surprise they engaged me, for small-part work. This went on for about a year. My heart was never in it for a moment, but it kept me from thinking. Then the company went bust—and I was once more without a job. It was the day after this happened, and I was feeling pretty desperate I can tell you, when Kate chose the moment to tell me she was going to have a baby. It was absolutely the last straw."

The vivid scene came before me of him sitting in a chair in the drab rooms near Holland Park, and his wife breaking her news to him, tired, a little afraid, but perhaps daring to hope for a word of sympathy, a smile—a suspicion of tenderness. And he, rising from his chair, irritable, impatient, and clenching his hands, "This is the last straw."

"There was another scene, naturally," he told me, "but I was firm for once. I had no job, no settled income, I could not possibly provide for a child. I made her go back to her mother. I think she was relieved, and it was the only thing to do under the circumstances.

"I was determined to break away, to start with a clean page. I felt I just had to get away from England, to begin afresh. I longed for new faces, new people. I had just enough money to pay my passage to Canada, first-class."

Yes, he would travel first-class. He would arrive in the Colonies without the prospect of a job, with no money in his pockets; but at least, according to his code, he would have kept his self-respect. He would travel first-class.

"I met a woman on the boat who seemed really to understand me. She had the most amazing ideas on life; we had conversations—God, the things we discussed. We were both utterly in sympathy with one another. She was very rich apparently; anyway, she took me under her wing, and we went to Montreal together.

(*Continued on page 488*)

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SHOOTING NOTES

Miss Wilson, the Hon. Miss Guy Wilson and Sir John Ramsden at the International Gun Dog Retriever Championships. They were held at Muncaster, Ravenglass, in Cumberland

Photographs *Sport and General*

A general view of the International Gun Dog Retriever Trials at Muncaster

GASPIPES & GUNS

By "Clodhopper"

HAD I a deadly enemy to whom I considered the rather ignominious death by hanging too good a finish, I would—and were he fool enough to accept such a shoddy gift—present him with a £3 Continental twelve-bore breech-loader, a few cheap Yankee "shells," and send him out to kill something. The "something" would very likely take the form of mine enemy's own unworthy carcase, and I might, perchance, be suspected of having sent him to a sudden and certain death with malice aforethought, or whatever the legal terminology might be. One thing is perfectly certain. Never will I waste—upon my own shooting at any rate—three perfectly good English one pound Treasury notes, on two-and-a-half-feet of double-gas-piping and a slab of synthetic walnut-wood which represent the cheap and nasty Belgian "shooting-iron."

THERE are, of course, a few firms of French and Belgian gun-makers who can build a sporting weapon worthy the name; while, as every English shooting man knows, the pre-war Krupp steel barrels were very hard to beat, and, for anything I know to the contrary, the same remark may apply to the best German gun-barrels to-day. On the other hand, the shoddy Belgian machine-made shot-guns (bearing not infrequently the assumed names of well-known English gun-makers) which are being dumped into this long-suffering Socialist-ridden little island, like so many bushels of German wheat, at the cut-throat prices of £3 for a hammer-gun and £4 15s. for a hammerless one, are a disgrace to the art of gun-making. And still more disgraceful is the fact that a certain class of London, suburban and provincial sports shops, ironmongers and pawnbroker dealers, attract hundreds of bucolic and unsophisticated customers into buying these foreign gas-pipes either for cash or on the gradual payment system by advertising them as being worth rather more than their weight in gold in the shooting field. The intrinsic value of one of these precious fire-arms is practically nil.

I MAY say that neither of the before-mentioned "guns" is nitro-proof, nor will the enterprising dealer or agent sell them with a guarantee of safety to the purchaser. But the mere fact that the hammer-gun may be obtained upon the payment of a deposit of 12s. 6d. cash, and a 5s. monthly instalment, and the "hammerless" for 25s. down and 8s. per month, is sufficient to attract many tyro shooters who would otherwise purchase an honest English-built gun (on the instalment system or outright according to his means) from an honest English maker. Did space permit one might write at considerable length on the demerits of cheap imported sporting guns and rifles.

Try Guns

We have received the following letter from Mr. Richmond Watson, of West London Shooting Grounds, Ealing:—

"In your issue of the 6th inst. under Shooting Notes my old friend Max Baker writes that the try-gun is a terribly overworked and overrated piece of machinery. I should like to join issue with him on this matter. The present day try-gun is a beautiful piece of mechanism, properly balanced, capable of infinite adjustments and, in the hands of a man who knows his job, assuring the shooter of a gun to fit him. In short, the try-gun does its work in proper circumstances faithfully and well. The method advocated by Mr. Max Baker predicates an abnormal gun-maker, a veritable Worth of the profession, who, with a glance at his client, takes in the measure of his physical proportions and mental faculties, and produces a gun which, within reason, fits him. It is an intelligible theory which the practical man knows to be impracticable."

[An excellent argument on one aspect of the subject, but it says nothing about the 70 per cent. of stock sizes which the try-gun dispenses. If otherwise, why is the demand for second-hand guns in contrast to that for all other commodities except antiques? At the same time, there is no man better fitted than our correspondent to design the range of six guns suggested in the "hint."—EDITOR.]

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING HINT

CO-OPERATIVE SHOOTING

ANCIENT books and prints notwithstanding, shooting cannot be made a solitary sport. If a man yearns to have his own shoot he must get enough for three or four others besides. Rich and hospitable persons carry on without partners, but the last-minute anxieties of a team secretary are as nothing compared with those of the would-be donor of shooting. Logic demands that there shall be a syndicate. It may take any of several forms, but the fact has to be faced that hard things are said of syndicates in general and that members of such confess the association apologetically.

There is something wrong somewhere when the most clubbable race in the world fails, or is reputed to fail, in an enterprise essentially club-like by every test that can be applied. Let the word Syndicate be abolished forthwith and let who can induce as many owners of shooting as possible to set up clubs, just as they have formed companies to run their estates. In justice, shooting costs ought to be paid out of a joint purse. Where the old invitation system still prevails so in many cases does unwise economy, backed usually by the worst of supposed palliatives, unduly light shooting. As with rose bushes so with shooting: If you want results there must be something akin to vigorous pruning. Reproductive processes have then their best chance, always provided reasonable finance is available.

A MAN OF STRAW (continued from page 484

"For a couple of months I was perfectly happy. Of course I was a fool, I threw away many opportunities of jobs, for the mere pleasure of being with her, talking to her, exchanging ideas.

"THEN, I don't know how it was, whether she grew bored or what, she was an extraordinary woman, but she went away one day and never came back. Left a note saying good-bye, and it had been fun and all that, and she had gone to California. Queer, wasn't it? I've never understood it at all. The next few years I rather went to pieces. I mucked about in Canada looking for jobs, I tried one thing, and then another. I was on the stage for a while, I used to play the leading man in third-rate tours! One-night stands, and repertory stuff. What a crowd!"

He leant back in his chair, a puzzled frown on his face.

"One gets so awfully lonely," he explained. "I can rub along with most people, but there's something underneath all the time that keeps alive in spite of one's efforts to kill it—a pain, a reminder. I tried drinking, but it wasn't any use. It didn't ease me, or even give me any pleasure, but I hoped it would help me to forget, you know—vaguely."

His wisdom seemed infinite. The more one drinks the more one forgets—always vaguely.

"I began to wonder about Kate, and my little boy. She had not written to me for a long while, nor I to her, for that matter. I realised that the boy must be nearly three, and I had never seen him. Only a smudgy snap, taken in a back garden. I used to carry it about in my note-case. Then, one day Kate sent me a long letter. As she had not heard from me for so long she had started to take proceedings for divorce, on the grounds of desertion, etc. Also, she told me she had met someone who had become very attached to her and the boy. I gathered that she meant to marry him. Of course, there was nothing to say, she deserved any happiness she could get. I suppose the man had money, and, anyway, what sort of a father was I?

"I threw away the snapshot, there didn't seem much point in getting sentimental.

"My luck changed after this; I thought life was going to offer me something at last.

"I won a lottery. It gave me a real thrill to have some cash in hand for once. I knew nothing about investments, but I resolved to make good, if such a thing were possible. I met some fellow who said he'd discovered a wonderful new process of photography—too technical to explain—but I took a great fancy to him, and we decided to travel back to England together, and start some sort of a business. He seemed thoroughly honest, mentioned the names of people I knew—well, I believed every word he said.

"I was to put my money in this photographic affair, and make a fortune. I never imagined for a moment that it was a swindle—I was completely taken in. We arrived in England, put up at the same hotel—and then he vanished. Not a trace of him, nor my money. It sounds a faked, unlikely story, doesn't it, but I assure you it's true.

"After that nothing will ever surprise me again; I'm prepared for anything—any mortal thing that comes along."

Once more he became humble, small; he seemed to shrink into himself.

"SINCE then I've been unable to cope. I've spent my time running round, digging up old friends. People have been kind in a way, suggesting jobs, but nothing that I fancy. All a little degrading; you know how it is, if one's been brought up in a certain way, public school and all that; I don't know . .

"I'm lodging in Golders Green at the moment. There's a girl there who's been very sweet to me—and I believe I'm fond of her. But, of course, the position is hopeless, and I hate ties in any form, I must be independent.

"It's difficult, so difficult, to know how to use one's life. If only there was someone who could really help, really understand."

We sat for a while in silence. I racked my brains, wondering if my uncle could do anything—if there was an opening for him in his office.

Then he leant forward suddenly, flushing a little, his eyes on his plate, and speaking in a low, hurried voice—

"If you could possibly lend me five pounds . . . . ."

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There are a few other exclusive Houses in the West End of London who are also rigid in their insistence on this thorough graduation of their cutters, and whose men are trained according to the best traditions.

But often tradition is synonymous with old-fashioned and stereotyped methods, and it is regrettable that some of these first-class houses while building clothes of the highest workmanship, are out of date in style and methods.

The House of Pope & Bradley is vitally progressive, and while observing the traditions of thorough workmanship, is always up to the moment, or slightly ahead of the fluctuations of style. Ahead, because many changes in style originate from this House. Lounge Suits from ten guineas; Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas; Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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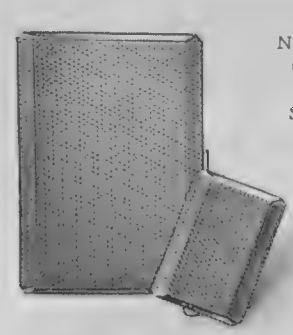

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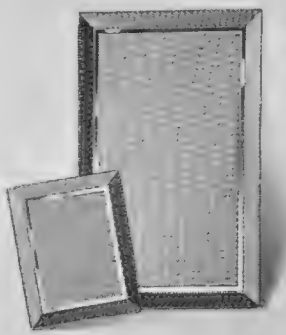

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TEAR-OFF MATCH CASES.
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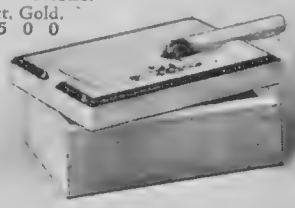

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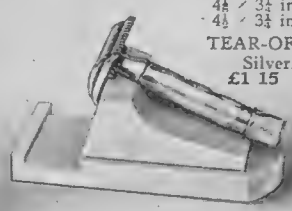

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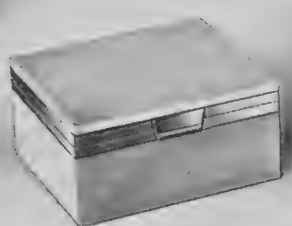

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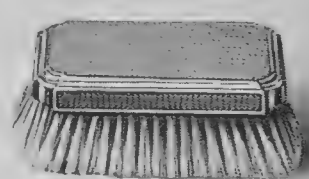

Engine-turned Sterling Silver Military Hair Brush, with fine quality Bristles.
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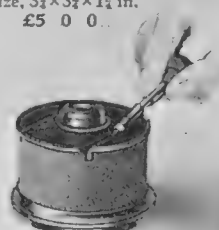

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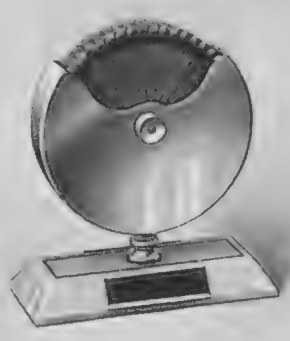

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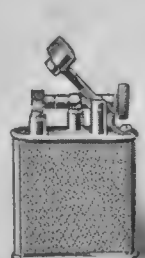

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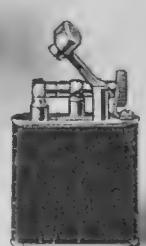

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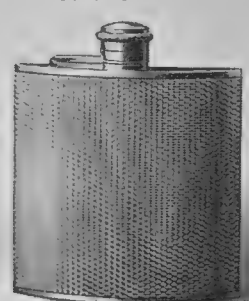

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THESE "TERRIBLE" BOOKS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Whose latest book, "A Farewell to Arms" (Jonathan Cape), is reviewed in this article

MISS TEMPLE LANE

Whose sixth novel, "The Little Lane," will be published by Jarrolds in January. Miss Lane, who is a B.A. of Dublin University, is the daughter of the Rev. T. H. Leslie, Prebendary of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

HANS CAROSSA

The author of "A Roumanian War Diary," published by Secker at 7s. 6d

By Ralph Straus

I SEEM to have spent most of the last week-end listening to literary people's opinions about the most recent War books, and as these are becoming curiouser and curiouser, conversation naturally veered round many times to Jixian problems. What, for instance, is "obscene" and what merely "vulgar" Are our writers losing all understanding of "good taste" or—more frequently—"what will these Puritans be objecting to next"? And I have been struck by the startlingly different opinions expressed by men and women of intelligence.

THUS I heard one woman say—and her judgment is usually very sound—that she could find nothing "obscene" in Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* but considered Hughes's *High Wind in Jamaica* one of the most horrible and degrading books she had ever read. Another woman shared my opinion that the continued boom in War books in this country was not a little due to the fact that intimate details which had been banished from English literature for the best part of two hundred years were now reappearing. (Though she, I must add, used the word "coarse" instead of intimate, and coarse, perhaps, is the better word. I am not one of those people who believe that a mediocre book can be turned into a great work of art merely by the addition of gross details not usually printed.)

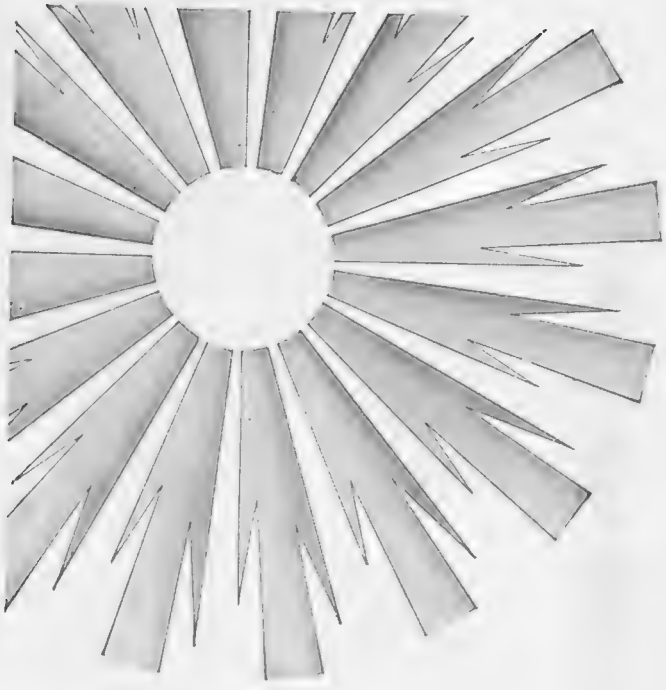
THEN somebody was angry with Richard Aldington for allowing asterisks to disfigure his *Death of a Hero.* (I pointed out that Aldington had had little choice in the matter.) Then a distinguished woman critic told me that quite a number of people were furious with Robert Graves for daring to mention them in his *Good-bye To All That,* which, she thought, deserved to sell like hot cakes; whereupon an ex-editor, who is by no means Victorian in his outlook, said that, for his part, he would like to see the damned thing burnt by the common hangman or whoever it is who does such things. I asked why, and he called it "filthy." Then what, asked somebody else, about *A Farewell to Arms,* by Ernest Hemingway (Cape, 7s. 6d.), which, according to Arnold Bennett, seems to be about the most outspoken book of the year?

WHAT, indeed? I read this story of the Italian front, and was immediately thrilled, and then rather bored, and then thrilled again, and then found myself wanting to skip, and then was obliged to go back to see what I had missed, and then came to the conclusion that the last pages were amongst the most poignant I had ever read. It is a very curious book. In places brutally coarse, though you never feel that the coarseness has been introduced for its own sake. To a number of people, however, it will be definitely offensive. It goes into obstetric details not usually to be found outside medical treatises. It belongs, of course, to what used to be called the "fleshly school" of fiction, and there is more flesh about it than anything else. But it not only reads like the truth about two ordinary young people, a man and a woman, who enjoyed themselves when they could; it has a queer beauty of its own, and in places it is quite as exciting as any "thriller."

THE young American, who is attached to the Italian Army, is wounded, and nowhere else that I know is the story of a wound so vividly told. He returns to the Front and takes part in that appalling retreat, and is obliged to escape from the country. It is a little odd that he is able to escape by boat with his girl, but then odd things did happen in the War. And at the end the girl has a baby and dies. Yes, a curious book, and I dare say I shall be told that it is horribly degrading; but I cannot help feeling that, in spite of its faults, there are elements of real greatness about it.

YET, of course, there is no necessity at all for a War book to be horrible or degrading. It can be "terrible"—I use the word in its older sense—and yet at the same time very lovely indeed. So you have a book like *A Roumanian Diary* (Secker: 7s. 6d.) by Hans Carossa, a German doctor who, after a spell in France, was sent to the East. It is like no other book for which the War has been responsible. It is the work of a sensitive man who could not divorce the immediate ghastliness of War from life as he knew it outside. He tells you of his battalion and the tyrannical Major who did not really enjoy his tyranny, and of how the wounded were tended; but he also tells you of his own dreams, and of the smaller affairs of life—there is one quite

(*Continued on page 492*)



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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 490)

unforgettable story of a kitten—and of men who were not "fleshly" at all. You should read this singularly beautiful book, which, to my mind, is all too short. It does nothing at all towards making you "believe in" war, but, on the other hand, it does not lose sight of the fact that war need not mean only horror and beastliness.

AND, while speaking of the War, I must mention yet another kind of book which would never have been written except for the War. This is the second and concluding volume of the diary which the late Lord Sandhurst kept during the last seven years of his life. *From Day to Day*, 1916-1921 (Arnold: 18*s.*) is extraordinarily interesting. Lord Sandhurst himself was Lord Chamberlain during all this period, and was in a position to see and hear a great deal more than most of his contemporaries. He was not afraid to write down what he felt, and, in the light of our knowledge to-day, his vignettes of people and things are delightfully piquant. I thoroughly enjoyed this most entertaining book.

GOOD-BYE, however, to all that. Let me commend to you the new novel by Eric Linklater, *Poet's Pub* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which, although it is by no means the kind of book you might have expected after reading its predecessor, *White Man's Saga*, is a delicious joke, calculated to put you in the best of good tempers. I will tell you nothing about its plot beyond the fact that it concerns an ex-Rowing Blue who keeps a country pub, and falls in love, and has exciting adventures with an American crook who has nothing in common with the ordinary crook. But it is genuinely witty and in places uproariously funny.

FINALLY, I can recommend two "thrillers." *Adventure Calls* (Murray, 7*s.* 6*d.*), Mrs. Woolley's story of a Scottish girl who is called on to play a man's part in Irak, differs from most of such yarns by reason of its author's first-hand acquaintance with Asiatic ways. It is genuinely exciting and delightfully written. Another romance of the Secret Service is Rupert Grayson's *Gun Cotton* (Nash and Grayson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and here again the author, who knows how to keep up the suspense and has a keen sense of humour to help him, is speaking with first-hand knowledge.

THERE is also more news of an old friend. That admirable philosopher, Sergeant Murphy, was fortunately not killed in the War, and he is now commissionaire, or, as he prefers to say, Kerb Editor, to that powerful organ the *Daily Wire*. And in *Says Sergeant Murphy* (Arnold: 5*s.*) Mr. A. P. Garland, well known to BYSTANDER readers, gives us more of his forthright opinions on men and things as retailed to the more cautious Heddle. Murphy's views may be unorthodox, but they represent what a lot of us would like to be saying. They are exceedingly good to read. R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Art Treasures of the Nation, by Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, C.V.O. (Oxon), D.Litt., Surveyor of His Majesty's Works of Art. This work gives an illustrated account, in their historical sequence, of some of the most valuable art treasures of various kinds belonging to the Nation, by one who was for sixteen years Director and Secretary to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and who is now Surveyor of His Majesty's Works of Art. It was published on November 22 by Hutchinsons.

On November 29 Lane's are publishing a new book written and illustrated by Donald Maxwell, entitled *A Detective in Kent: Landscape Clues to the Discovery of Lost Seas*. In this book, we are told, Mr. Maxwell applies the science of the unravelling of crime by means of observation and deduction to the rediscovery of Unknown Kent by means of infallible signs in the landscape. Its object is to improve the powers of observation and deduction of ramblers and explorers in Kent, and the trained eye of the author, who is a sailor as well as a painter, shows us dockyards in green fields, harbours in meadowlands, and deep sea channels in ditches. We are piloted by Mr. Maxwell, with the help of charts and sketches, upon an island voyage, and bit by bit the old coast line of the Isle of Thanet is revealed, and lost seas are traced out on a region now covered by acres of grassland.

The Green Ribbon, by Edgar Wallace, published by Hutchinson, will soon be welcomed by his many readers. This is one of Edgar Wallace's rare racing stories. The story of a great turf coup engineered by three unscrupulous men.

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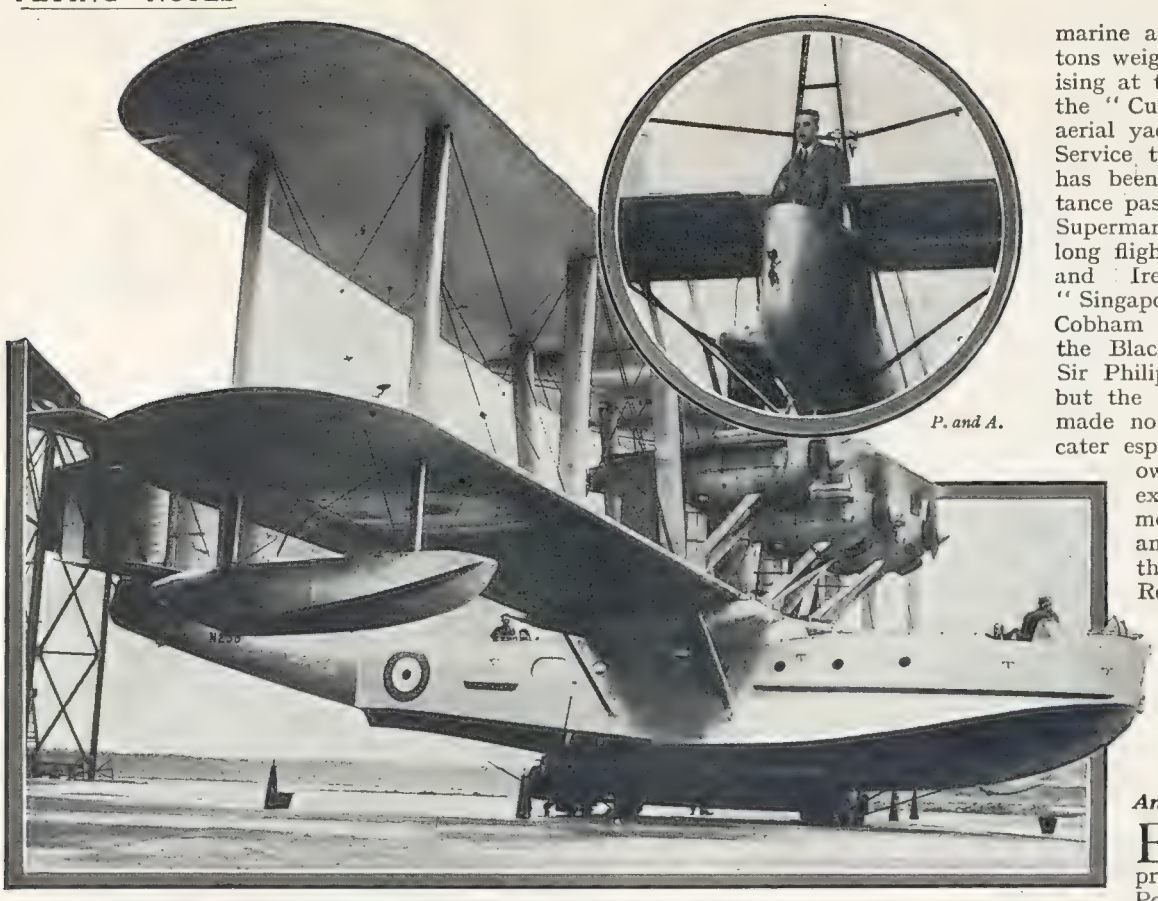
FLYING NOTES



P. and A.

Fox Photo

Britain's largest all-metal flying boat, Iris III, which recently made its first daylight flight. With a wing span of 100 feet, it is to be used for coastal patrol work. Inset, a view of the gunner's cockpit, which is placed at the extreme end of the tail of the machine

marine aircraft up to 100 tons weight, and are specialising at the present time on the "Cutty Sark" type of aerial yacht. Each of the Service types of flying boat has been used for long-distance passenger cruising, the Supermarine "Solent" on long flights round England and Ireland, the Short "Singapore" by Sir Alan Cobham round Africa, and the Blackburn "Iris" by Sir Philip Sassoon to Irak, but the manufacturers have made no effort so far to cater especially for private owners. Under the experienced management of Sir Alliott Roe and Mr. John Lord the firm of Saunders-Roe is likely to give a lead to the industry in this direction and supply a type for which there is already a considerable market.

An Air Annual

EDITED by Sq.-Ldr. C. G. Burge and produced by Gale and Polden, the "Air Annual of the British Empire" fills a very large niche which has long been vacant on our bookshelves. The title in a sense is a bad advertisement for the book, which is an encyclopædia of British aviation, using the word "British" to cover all flying activities within the Empire. Included in its 700 odd pages are articles, specifications, photographs, statistics, and notes covering every conceivable phase of flying activity, historical, technical and commercial.

The House of Avro

A SPECIAL version of the "Avian" is being built to the order of Mr. C. T. Ulm, who was with Captain Kingsford Smith on the famous flight from San Francisco to Australia. It has the new Genet Major cowling and a fuselage of ample proportions to give a better streamline. Captain Campbell Black is particularly pleased with his Avro 5, which is now being operated in Kenya. This machine is "Knight of the Grail," which caused such a stir by "disappearing" on the first stage of its African flight, that from London to Paris. Two more Avros of the same type are on order for air survey work in the Sudan. Five of the Avro 10 type, which is a British version of the well-known Fokker F.VII tri-motor, have been built and sent to Australia, and an equal number are now going through the shops. The latest metal "Avians" are being supplied to the Air Forces of South Africa and Esthonia, equipped for advanced training, including inverted flight tanks.

CABARET AT A FLYING CLUB

By Capt. C. E. Ward

What to Do on a Friday!

THE most modern way of enjoying Friday is to spend the morning on an ice rink, the afternoon in the air flying a "Moth," and the evening dancing in the ballroom at Hanworth. Hanworth is only twelve miles from Town. Flying supplies the sporting element, and the country club atmosphere is provided by a vast park surrounding a beautiful mansion. The park is, of course, the aerodrome, where members fly when so inclined. To enliven the winter evenings the club has started a Friday cabaret show, and the other night they had with them Delie and Claude Anthony, two gifted dancers who have just returned from Berlin. Hanworth, by the way, was once a hunting seat of Henry VIII, and it is on record that Queen Elizabeth hunted in the park in the year 1600. Since it was bought by National Flying Services for a club the park has again become the venue of a royal sport, after a lapse of some three hundred years.

The "A.A." Aids to Aviation

AN excellent schedule of Woodley Aerodrome, Reading, has been prepared and circulated by the "A.A.," whose aviation department is becoming as indispensable to private owners as the parent body is to motorists. The establishment of the aerodrome is due to the foresight of Messrs. Phillips and Powis, who have provided, in addition to the landing ground measuring 1,000 by 700 yards, hangar accommodation, a club-house, petrol and oil on tap, with a telephone, transport and weather reports also available. There are no landing fees for private aircraft. Anyone abusing this privilege by practising forced landings on the tarmac will be shot down with a Very's light, large stocks of which are kept handy for the purpose. The aerodrome is, of course, licensed for all types, and available for commercial machines on payment at the usual rates.

Famous Yachting Centre as an Airport

THERE is to be a Customs Airport at Cowes for marine aircraft, which will thus serve as a Continental port of entry and departure in competition with Woolston, Southampton. Messrs. Saunders-Roe are sponsoring the scheme, which is of direct interest to them, as their seaplane works are situated in East Cowes harbour. They have facilities for building and launching

BY LAURIE TAYLER

LIGHT AND SHADOW

Toiletries that lend distinction to the dressing hour

Tosca perfume has captivated beautiful women of both continents with its fragrance suggestive of old world romance. In deference to those who demand harmony in their toiletries this Tosca fragrance is now perfected and developed into a complete line of toilet accessories such as powders, creams, etc. In their entirety they comprise a toiletried excellence, each contributing a grace to beauty.

Tosca Perfume in Bottles at 2/6, 5/-, 6/6 and 12/6. Bottle de Luxe 12/-.

Tosca Vanishing Cream in Pots 2/6, and in Tubes 1/6.

Tosca Face Powder 2/- per Box.

Tosca Compact 2/6. Refills 1/6

Tosca Eau de Cologne 2/6, 5/6 and 8/6 each.

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Christmas Gifts of Wide Appeal

Every member of the family would derive lasting entertainment from the Cine-" Kodak " depicted at the head of this page, for it makes amateur motion picture-making very easy. The handsome casket of State Express 555 Cigarettes will also provide a pleasure that can be shared. For the feminine members of the family there is the fragrant " 4711 " Eau de Cologne, with a bottle of similarly perfumed and deliciously refreshing Bath Salts ; a quaint powder bowl from Robinson and Cleaver, in lovely mottled colours, surmounted by a carved head, and a selection of beautiful Ciro pearls and jewels in exclusive designs created by modern craftsmen

Welcome Visitants to the Festive Board

No Christmas festivities will be complete without the convivial cocktail, and the Regent Plate shaker and tray, with six glasses, which come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, are likely to be much in evidence. So, too, are the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" Doulton flagons of Dewar's Whisky, and the ever-popular Craven "A" Cigarettes. The sweet-toothed will appreciate one of the gaily modern boxes of Rowntree's famous chocolates, as well as Carr's delicious assorted biscuits or shortbreads

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The Spirit of Liberty—a beautifully modelled flying boat, with twin clockwork engines. It is one of the very many thrilling toys at Gamages

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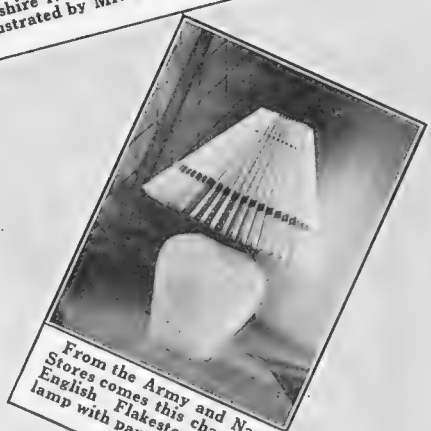
Bassett-Lowke's wonderful scale model of the giant L.M.S. locomotive, "Royal Scot." It may be driven either by clockwork or electricity



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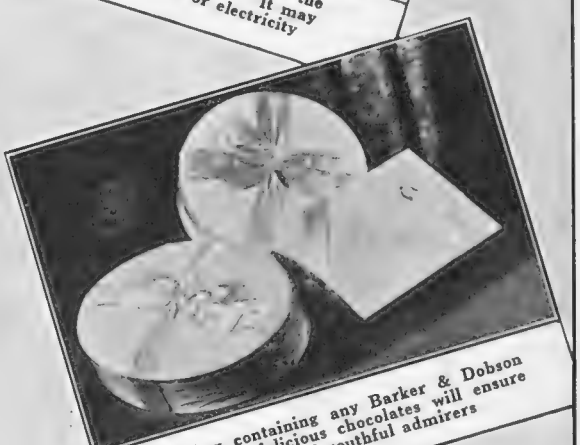

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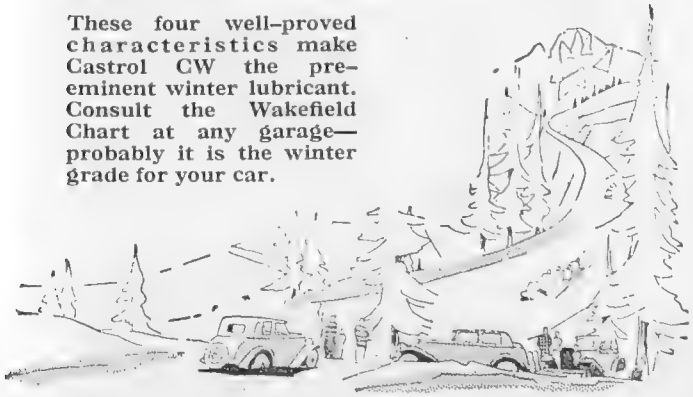

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MOTOR NOTES

A MOTORIST AMONG THE "HEAVIES"

By E. M. Wright

A Hooper body Rolls-Royce descending the Pass of Chamonix, showing Mont Blanc in the background

THE man who owns a motor car is generally regarded by those who do not as a lucky fellow. But after a visit to the recent Commercial Motor Transport Exhibition I am inclined to wonder whether the non-motoring motorist—that is to say, the man who uses public motor vehicles—is not better off than the owner-driver, at any rate in so far as comfort is concerned. I know, everyone knows, that the modern coach is luxurious, but not until I saw dozens of them at Olympia did I realise the extremely high degree of luxury that has been attained. Frankly, my mouth watered when I thought of the "comfort" of my own smallish car and compared it with what the ordinary passenger enjoys in one of these vehicles. But then I have the consolation of knowing that, though I may be more weary after a day's run than a coach passenger, I have at least been able to choose my companions and have not had to adhere to a time-table.

***

ONE of the coaches shown, I heard, had a cocktail bar. Alas! I did not find it; but I did come on one which had a piano. Doubtless there are some who would enjoy a little music en route; but for myself I would willingly forgo this "luxury"—unless the complement included a Paderewski. Coach manufacturers claim to-day, and with justice, that their vehicles are but cars writ large. In the matter of speed, for example, they are the equals of most large limousines, for many of them achieve a comfortable cruising speed of 40 m.p.h., and are capable of as much as 60 m.p.h. And then such items as central lubrication and vacuum-servo brakes are very reminiscent of the latest car practice; while on the Commer vehicles, for example, you have, in addition, such refinements as a four-speed gear box with "silent third" ratio.

A Riley six-cylinder 14 h.p. Stelvio II fabric saloon. It is seen in a picturesque Warwickshire setting

***

EVEN buses intended for city work offered a degree of comfort which, though it may be common in the provinces, was an eye-opener to the average Londoner. Many models, by the way, had the names of the corporations to which they were being supplied—an interesting indication of where progress is being made in this class of transport. Years ago I came across a poster on which there were two photographs, one showing pigs going to market on a vehicle fitted with pneumatic tyres, and the other an ordinary bus with solid ones. The moral was obvious. But at the Show there was not a bus that did not have pneumatic tyres. Some had racks above the seats, and most of them had a covered stairway to the upper deck, while on all of them the driver's seat was as fully enclosed as it is on a private car.

***

HOW the London bus driver and his friend the conductor must envy their opposite numbers in the provinces, for even the new L.G.O.C. buses with windscreens allow of plenty of "ventilation," while the conductor has to trot up and down completely open stairs through the wind and the rain. Though sun saloons were as popular on coaches as they are on private cars, no bus had an opening roof. But this kind of roof would be even more welcome on a bus than it is on a car. There would then be no excuse for the continued existence of those with open tops. They may be delightful in a heat wave, but after cooling your heels waiting for a bus on a winter's night it is a bitter blow to find that it is an open one, and though full up inside has "plenty of room on top, sir."

***

NOT the least remarkable feature of the Show was the prices quoted. You can apparently get an extremely comfortable twenty-seater Daimler motor coach for £1,000 less than the cost of a seven-seater limousine. One of these days, too, I shall take my friends—fifty-two of them—for a trip into the country on a double-deck bus, which, with every fitment, will cost me just a little over £2,000. Daimler, incidentally, was but one of the many firms famous in the car world which showed commercial vehicles. I have already mentioned the Commer people, who, of course, represent the commercial side of the Hillman-Humber combine; another well-known firm at this Show was Armstrong Siddeley.

***

IN place of handsome private cars they showed two uncouth military vehicles posed with artistic effect on a piece of "impossible" ground, though I gather that little short of a sheer precipice is impossible to these vehicles which can almost "climb up the side of a house and trust to the stick of the paint."

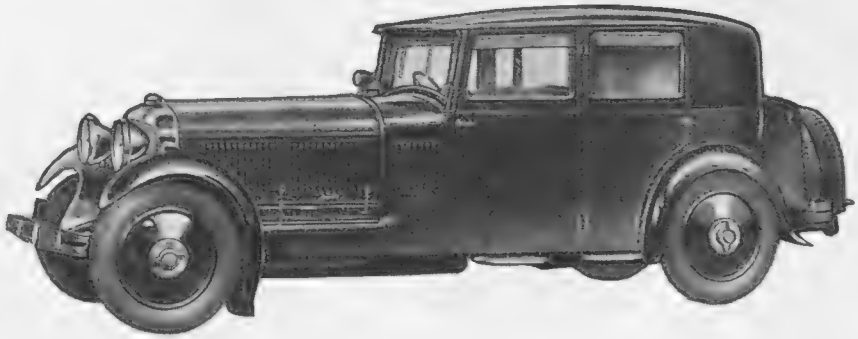
(*Continued on page x*)

BENTLEY

6½ Litre Silent Speed Six

SPEED

Once looked upon with strong disapproval, to-day even the most conservative admit it is a desirable asset. Advanced Bentley design anticipated the changed outlook and the Silent Speed Six perfected by invaluable racing experience leads the way by alone combining genuine touring qualities with thoroughbred sporting capabilities.



BENTLEY MOTORS LTD · Cork Street · LONDON·W·1

MOTOR NOTES (*continued from page viii*)

THEN, too, there were Crossley coaches as luxurious as any of their private vehicles. Eccles is a name to conjure with among caravanners. Here were to be found trailers for horses, and even smaller varieties suitable for hounds. Is there, indeed, any living thing these days which does not use motor transport? The Austin Baby was no longer the frivolous little thing it is in October, but in the guise of a delivery van showed that it had a more serious purpose in life. The Morris Minor, too, was hardly recognisable as a light fire tender; while, of course, there was an example of the Morris-Commercial taxi which is becoming so common on the London streets. Minerva and Mercédès-Benz also were not too proud to engage in "trade," yet what the proud scion of the latter family, who performed so doughtily in Ulster, thinks of these activities is perhaps better left unsaid. An interesting newcomer in this field was the Singer concern, who have launched out with a two-tonner which is available either as an industrial vehicle or as a twenty-seater coach. The Singer Junior, like the other babies, has a serious side to its nature, and took its place on the stand as a light delivery van.

C. K. Bowers

The Hillman Straight Eight Segrave model which costs £495. It includes an electric roof light, scuttle-dash ventilators, dipping reflector head lamps, and wire wheels

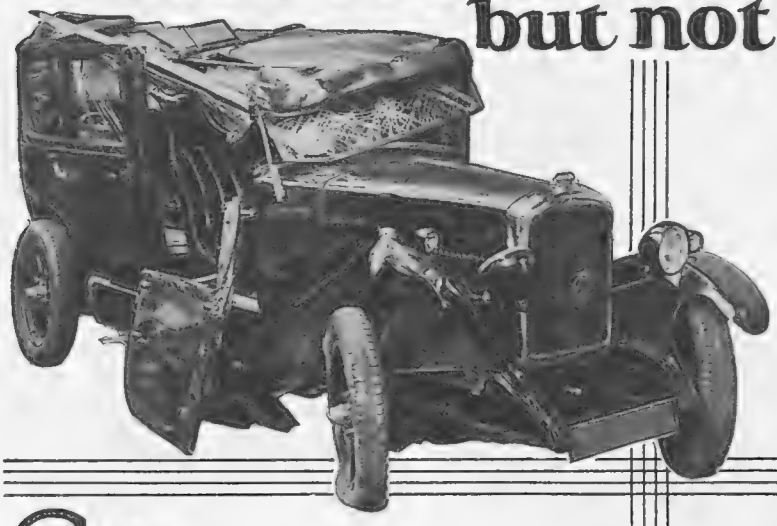
THIS WEEK'S HINTS

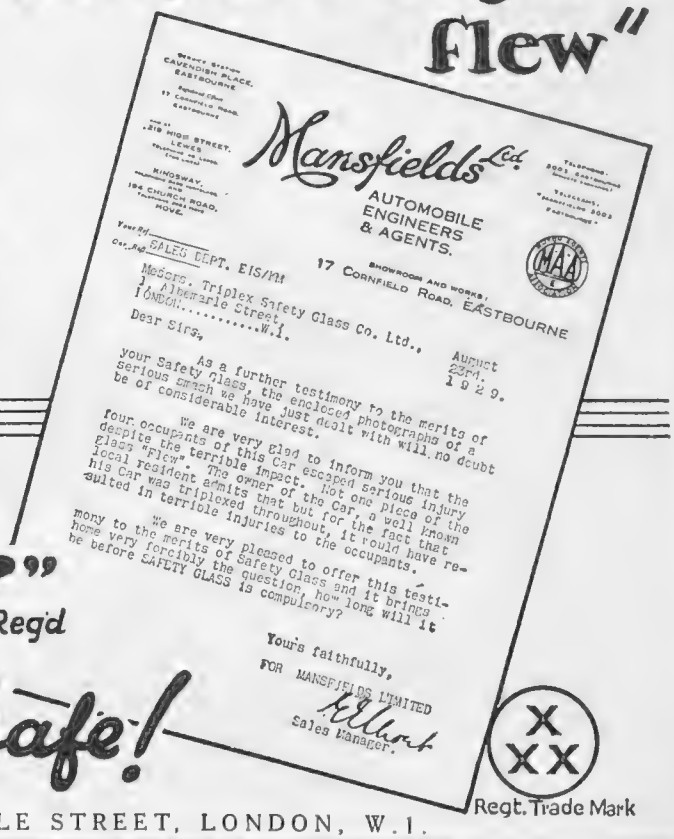
TWO HINTS ON VACUUM PETROL FEED

(1) In order that petrol may issue from the main tank of a car with vacuum (Autovac) feed, air must be able to enter the tank. If the vent hole in the filler cap is blocked there is not only risk of the engine stopping through lack of petrol, but the main tank may collapse, concertina fashion; that has happened in not a few cases. Therefore, keep the vent hole clear. (2) If the Autovac tank becomes empty (e.g., by removal of the pipe to the carburetter or by the car standing idle for a week of two with the outlet tap left "on") it must be charged again, before the engine can be started, as follows: Close the throttle, turn the engine round half a dozen times by hand or with the starter and wait until the suction effect lifts the petrol from the main tank and allows the carburetter to be flooded.

IN response to many requests the British Petroleum Co., Ltd., proprietors of B.P. motor spirit, have published in booklet form the rhymes with which they have entertained and amused as well as instructed us in their advertisements this year. Readers can obtain a copy free and post free on applying to the company at Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.

"terrible impact—but not one piece of glass flew"





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Make sure it's "Triplex"; look for the 3 x's in a circle. This Trade Mark is on all Genuine "Triplex."

X XX

Regt. Trade Mark

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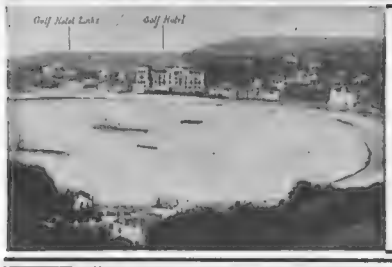

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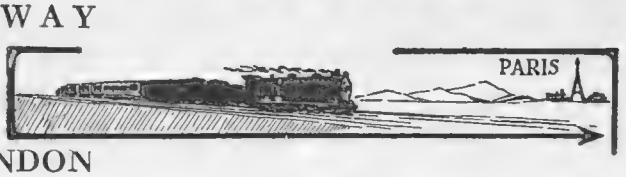

WHEN CROSSING TO FRANCE TAKE THE BOULOGNE ROUTE

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THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST WAY TO PARIS

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is the title of a new illustrated booklet, which shows you fascinating pictures of Austria in Winter. In it you will find details of Popular Winter Resorts and Ski-ing Fields, as well as the lesser known for those who prefer a holiday off the beaten track. In it you will read details of the easy and accessible journey; and of the friendly and hospitable welcome which awaits you.

The Booklet, together with all information as to Fares, Hotels, etc., may be obtained from all Tourist Agencies or post free from the

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25E, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

DOGS

FITNESS IN FASHION By "The Kennelman"

TO-MORROW, Thursday, brings a biggish Dog Show at the Crystal Palace; St. Albans—a good doggy centre—holds its Show on Saturday; and on Wednesday of next week comes "The Show of the West," at Bristol. Spratts are benching and feeding all three.

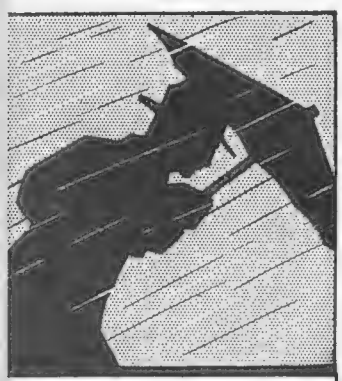
HUMAN fashions are pretty generally reflected in the lives of our Dogs, as is natural when you remember how intimately most of the four million share our own interests. There's at least one place in England where Dogs are season-ticket holders. Tens of thousands are clubbable members of the Tail-Waggers, not to mention such gathering places as the Dog-Owners' Club in Hyde Park Place and the luxurious Dogs' Crèche at the Denman Street Garage. The number of keen motorists and habitual week-enders among them is large, and they are by no means strangers to aviation. In many sporting fields they not only participate with joy, but play a leading part; and in adapting themselves to the changes in the man-about-Town's life they can give points and a beating to some of the most sophisticated humans, especially where their owners are decent enough to give reasonable attention to their education.

Special Press

Peter, a Sealyham Terrier, in anticipation of a rainy day at a Dog Show on the morrow, is here seen having a pair of boots fitted at his outfitters in the West End

SO it is, too, in matters of hygiene, over-feeding, over-dressing, frowsting and coddling, all démodé now for bipeds, are equally and blessedly unfashionable for Dogs; even for the still unfairly so-called "Toys," most of whom are nowadays brisk and sturdy little sportsmen. If silhouettes and slimming doesn't specially appeal to them it's because they don't need 'em. Their human friends are mostly so far enlightened as to know that it's selfish cruelty—that leads to pampering. After years of costly experimental work the big doggy caterers have produced an abundant range of really feeding and really wholesome *Hard* tack—the essential basis of canine dietary—and the whole silly paraphernalia of wraps and coats, being recognised as pernicious, tends to become a complete wash-out for Dogs—praise be!

BRISK daily grooming, brisk daily exercise, and plenty of it, combined with wisely balanced hard dietary of two daily meals and never a scrap between; given these things, with dry, clean sleeping quarters—free from the three deadly Ds of Damp, Draughts and Dirt—the normal Dog can enjoy the coldest of winters as much as the brightest of summers.



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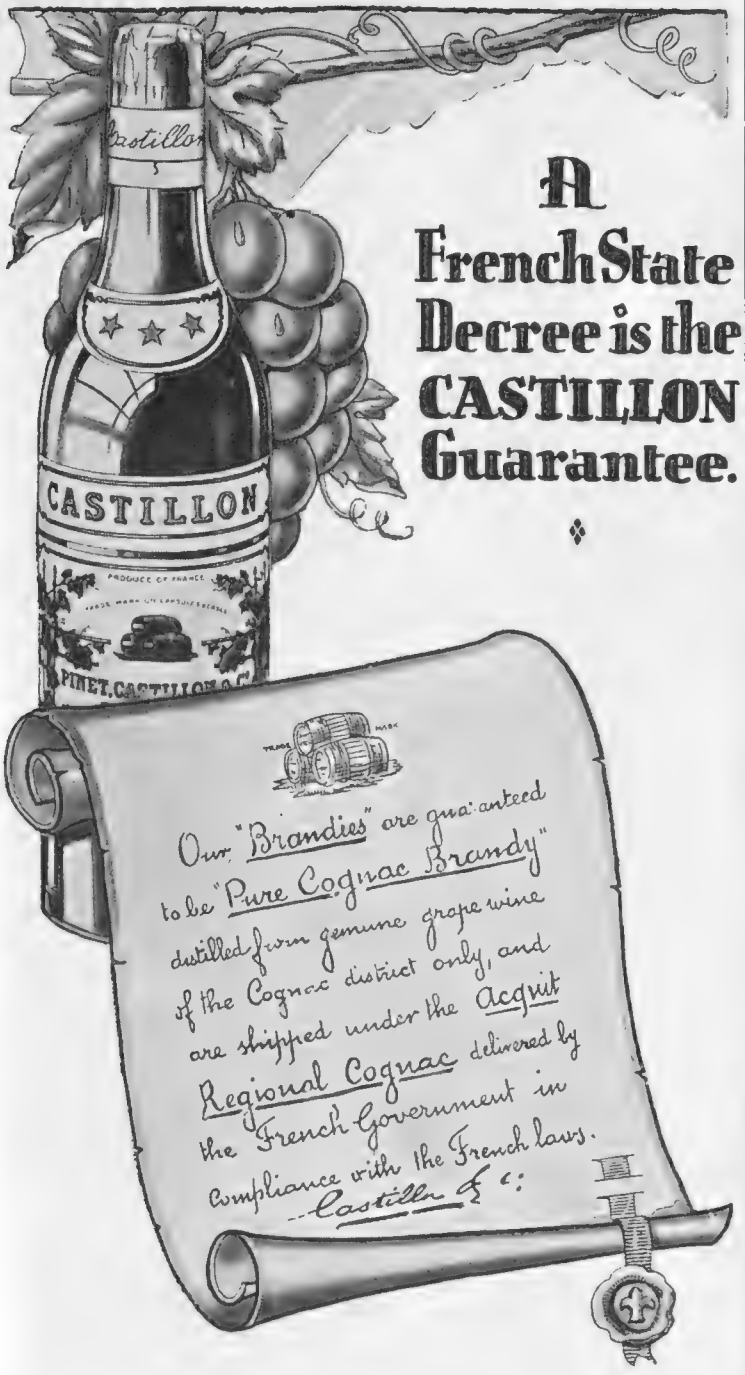

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Slay his fleas with PULVEX

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Buy it from your chemist or stores or where you buy your Spiller's Dog Foods.

9d. & 2/6 tins
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IT'S SUCH a simple matter to rid your dog of vermin. Sprinkle him with Pulvex, parting the hair and working it right down to the skin. It kills fleas instantly, yet it is non-poisonous and non-irritant.

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BRONZE BY RENÉ PARIS

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The life and movement in this study of a two-year-old in action are characteristic of the nervous force which marks the work of the brilliant French sculptor RENÉ PARIS. The extreme height of this bronze is 7¼ inches, and it is mounted on a marble base measuring 10 inches long. A work of art for every sportsman.

An example of this and other sporting bronzes can be seen at The Sporting Gallery.

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HORS D'ŒUVRES VARIES.

CLEAR TURTLE SOUP.

SOLE À LA COLBERT.

INDIAN SPATCHCOCK.

CHOUXFLEUR. POMMES FRITS.

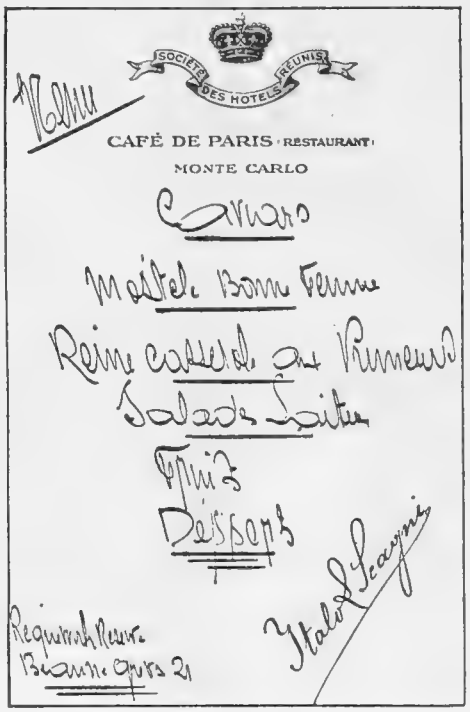
ICES.

OYSTER CROQUETTES.

CAFÉ. DESSERT.

Clear Turtle Soup

TAKE ½ lb. of sun-dried turtle and let it soak for four days in lukewarm water, changing every twelve hours. Whilst this soaking process goes on, keep the turtle in a warm place, and, if possible, stand in a cool oven at night. When the meat is swollen comparatively soft, cut into neat pieces about an inch square, let it boil gently for twelve hours in good clear stock, into which should be put a slice of lean ham, two onions, head of celery, one carrot, one turnip, one leek, and some turtle herbs (bought ready prepared), two cloves, and a pinch of cayenne. Let the soup simmer gently, the scum to be removed as it rises. When the soup is reduced to two quarts, strain and remove every bit of fat. When ready, add a claret-glass of sherry, a few drops of lemon, and the pieces of turtle flesh; cayenne, and lemon cut in quarters, are generally handed with this soup.



The menu of a luncheon served at the Café de Paris, at Monte Carlo. It has been signed by the restaurant manager, M. Italo S. Scagni

Sole à la Colbert

FRY a boned sole. When done, fill the cavity inside with maître d'hôtel butter prepared as follows: Put 4 oz. of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a finely minced onion or shallot, and a little pepper and salt into a basin, beat to a stiff cream, then add by degrees a little lemon juice. Send the sole to table with maître d'hôtel sauce served separately in a tureen.

Maître d'hôtel Sauce.—To a gill of thick white sauce add a little Worcestershire sauce, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little salt and pepper, the juice of half a lemon and a little nutmeg. Make very hot and serve.

Indian Spatchcock

SPLIT and boil a chicken lightly. Place the chicken when cold flat open in a fireproof pan, pour the following sauce over. Put it in the oven, and baste well with the sauce till the chicken is thoroughly heated through. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

Sauce.—One teaspoonful each of made mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and anchovy essence, one dessertspoonful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of clear stock or gravy, three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, and a dust of cayenne. Mix well together, heat, and pour over the chicken.

By Appointment Hard Lawn — Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King.

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BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1930 (WEST HANTS CLUB, BOURNEMOUTH)

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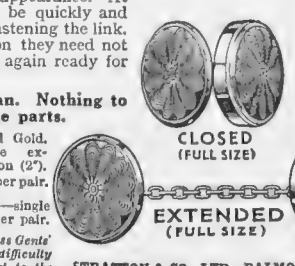

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BURGESS' KEDGEREE

BURGESS' RECIPE

Take 8 ozs. of any cold cooked fish (weighed after the skin and bones have been removed) and divide it into flakes. Put 2 ozs. of well-boiled and dried rice into a saucepan with 2 ozs. of butter or margarine, add the fish, the white of a hard-boiled egg cut into small dice, and pepper, salt and **Burgess' Anchovy Essence** to taste. Stir over the fire until very hot, then serve on a hot dish, decorated with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg passed through a sieve.

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SOME like them "*high-baked*"; some like them "*ordinary*," but everybody insists on Jacob's. It's the nice nutty flavour that makes Jacob's a different Water biscuit—and a specially good one.

Sold loose, in half-pound packets or in the new **2/-** *tin*

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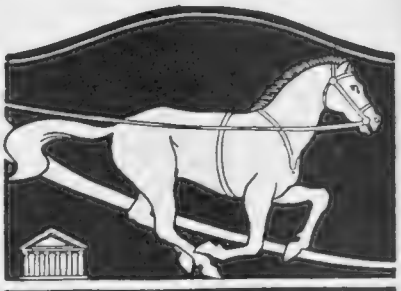

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Benger's Food is speedily assimilated. And with a comfort and ease that is remarkable. The fact that Benger's Food becomes partly self-digested while you cook it with fresh new milk, accounts for this.

The recuperative value of Benger's is enormous, and it is most palatable.

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Sold in tins, 1/4, 2/3, etc.

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The Simple Speedy Safe Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Some Smart Frocks

Mrs. Simon Hartog, who lately joined the ranks of trade and commerce and, under the name of Jean Philippe, runs a most successful dress shop at 18, Grosvenor Street, held a "Dress and Jewel" parade at the cocktail hour one day last week, which was one of the most amusing and original of this season's dress shows. In an interior reminiscent of Montmartre, and to the strains of a Hungarian Tzigane band while we sipped the ever welcome cocktail, there floated in a bevy of beautiful mannequins wearing alluring afternoon and evening frocks, never designed for Montmartre and "smokings," which must have made the Hungarians glad they had left their native land for our more modern and sophisticated Western salons. It is no easy task to combine fashion and beauty, or produce creations which will look as well at home as in the dressmaker's establishment, but this Mrs. Hartog has done, and she deserved the success she has achieved.

Something New for Smokers

Smokers will be much interested in the "Wallet" Packing which Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills have designed for their new brand of cigarettes, "Three Castles" Medium. This packing opens out like a cigarette case, half the cigarettes one side, half the other. One cigarette may easily be extracted without disturbing the remainder, and one set of ten is perfectly preserved while the other is being smoked. The new "Wallet" Packing is obtainable in "Twenties" (Twin Tens) and in "Tens" (Twin Fives) at the popular prices of 1s. and 6d. Needless to say, "Three Castles" Medium Cigarettes maintain the high standard which has always been associated with the "Three Castles" brand.

Comfortable Shoes

If there is one thing above all others that we cannot afford to be without, it is comfortable shoes which will eliminate all troubles with hammer toes, enlarged and stiff great toe joints, also dropped metatarsal and astragalus arches. After forty years studying these painful troubles the Hammond "Sciential" last has now been brought to perfection, and shoes made on this last, with hand-sewn welts, are available from stock in black and brown, from E. J. Hammond, handsewn bootmaker, 6, Norris Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. In abnormal and surgical cases lasts are specially constructed for each individual customer and fitted on in their intermediary stage of making, when any adjustment found necessary can be made before finishing. Personal attention is given to each case, all particulars and measurements being carefully scheduled for future reference.

A quaint corner of Algiers, one of the many interesting places included in the North African tours of the French Line

The Lure of the East

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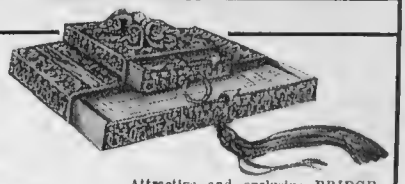

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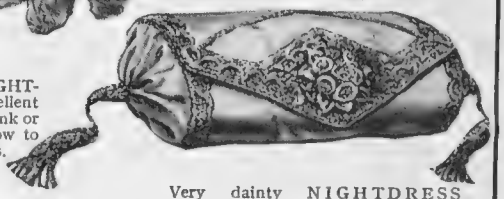

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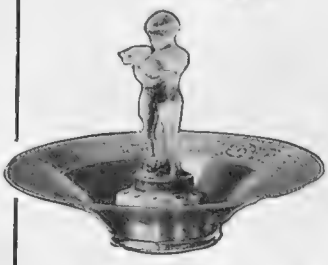

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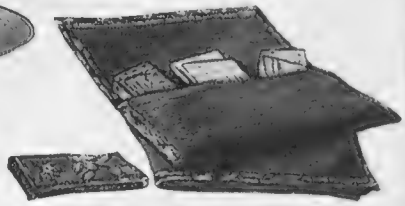

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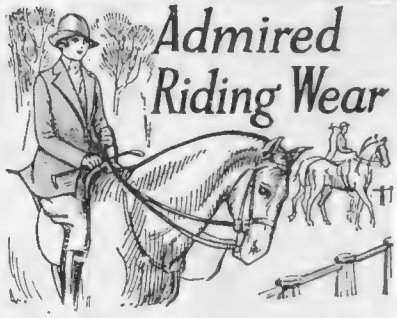

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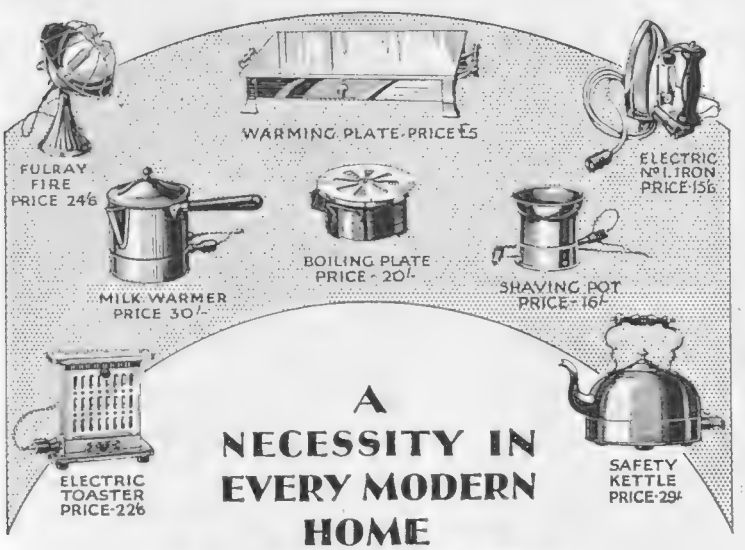

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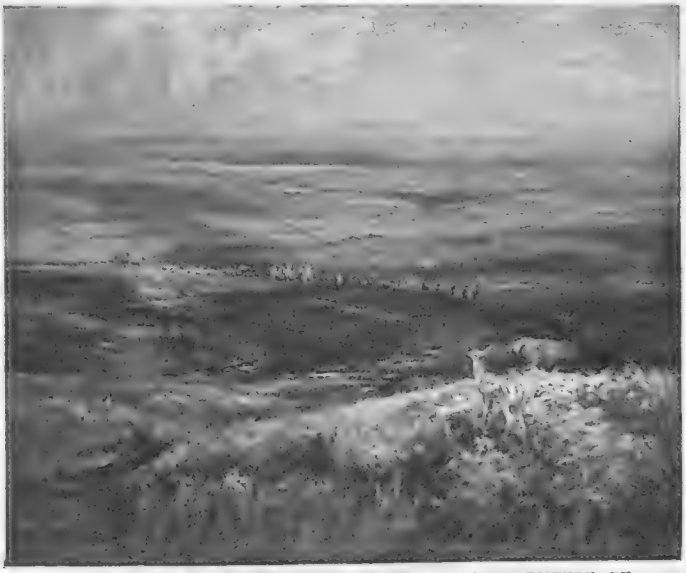

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HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER

LADY KITTY VINCENT

RUPERT GRAYSON

LAWSON WOOD

MISS STORM JAMESON: One of the most versatile of modern writers, who has made a big name for herself of late years. The fact that she is a Master of Arts of Leeds University has not prevented her writing a really amusing —indeed, rollicking —story, "Save Us The Foxes," which is one long laugh

HOWARD K. ELCOCK: An artist whose work is very well known to "Bystander" readers. His double-page illustration in full colour, "The Sprout," is not only a delightful example of his colour work, but has a sting of satire which adds to its appeal

LADY KITTY VINCENT: An authority on Alsatians, Art and the Aristocracy. Although the first-named do not appear in her brilliant story, "Cats!" she uses a lot of the second in telling of a pre-war ordeal of one of the last named

LAWSON WOOD: An artist equally well known for his humorous and serious work. His colour and black and white illustrations to "Purple Cap" afford ample proof of his skill in the latter type of work

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS: A humorist who is also a satirist of the first order. Although the first reading of "The Gulf of Gruyère" will prove amusing enough, it is the second reading that will bring out the full flavour

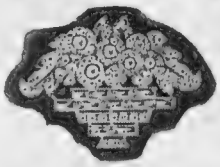
MISS DAPHNE DU MAURIER: A granddaughter of George du Maurier, she has inherited much of the literary genius of the author of "Trilby." "The Old Ship" is a charming poem which is delightfully illustrated by Nick

RUPERT GRAYSON: The author, whose Secret Service novel, "Gun Cotton," is achieving a success this Autumn. In the "Purple Cap" he provides a full-blooded story of pirates and high adventure on the high seas

FANCY JEWELLERY

FOR

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



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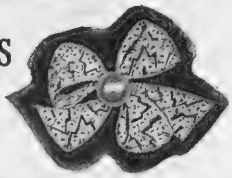

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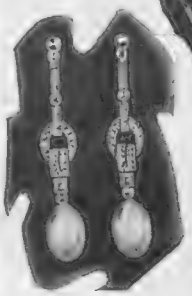

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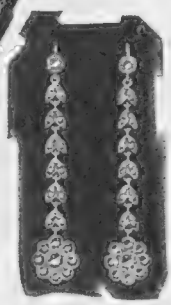

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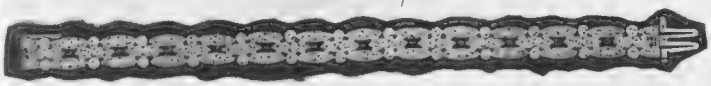

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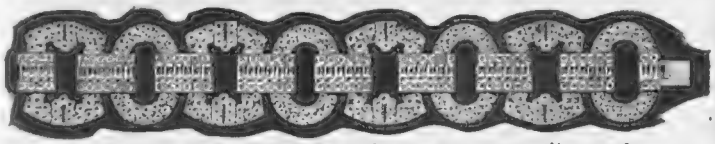

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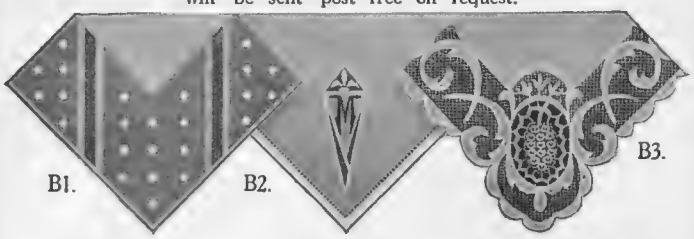

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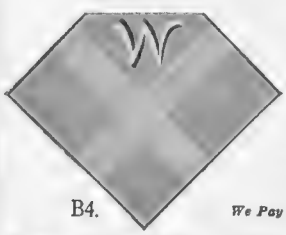

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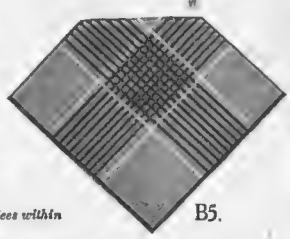

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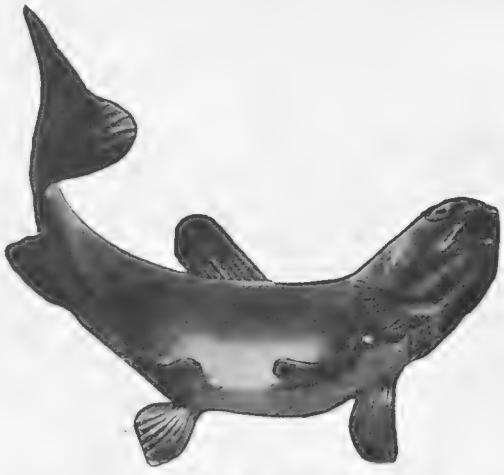

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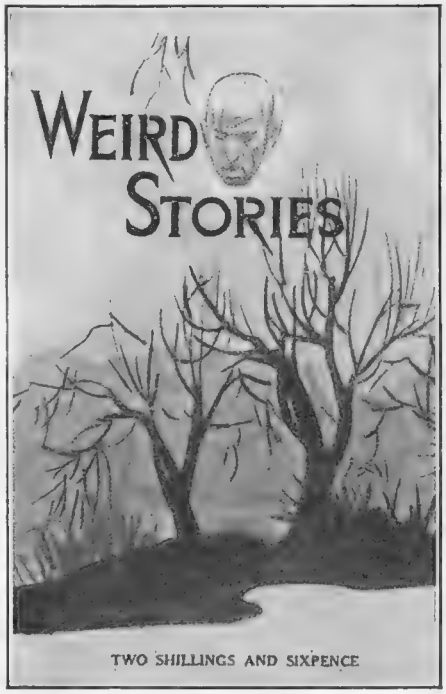

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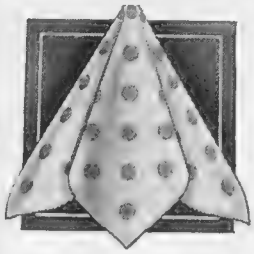

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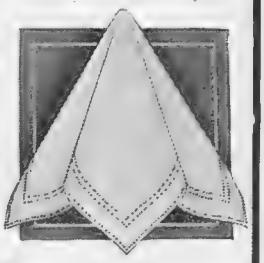

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEF with hemstitched edge and two rows of veining.
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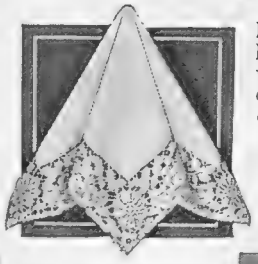

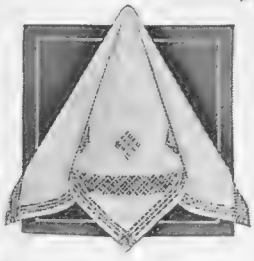

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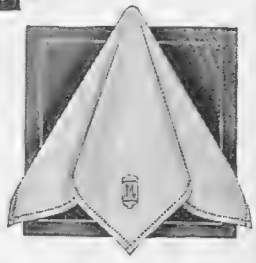

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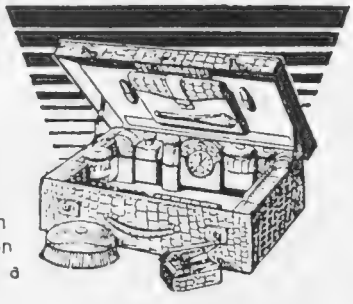

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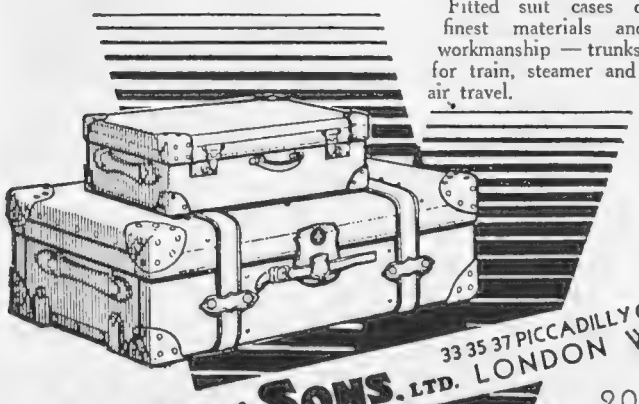

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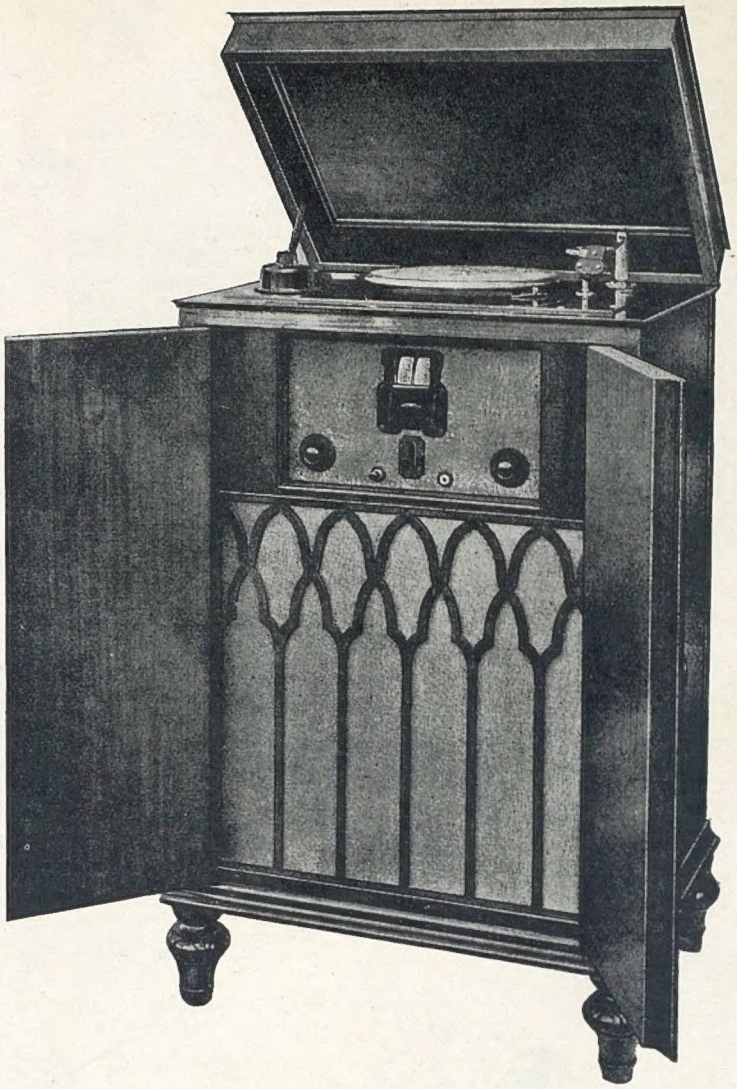

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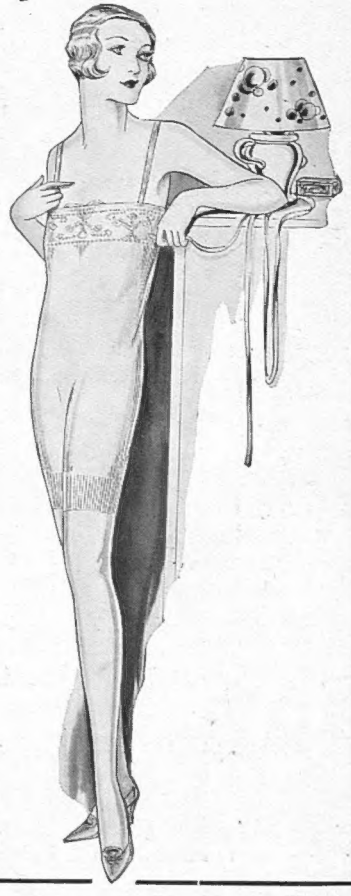

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